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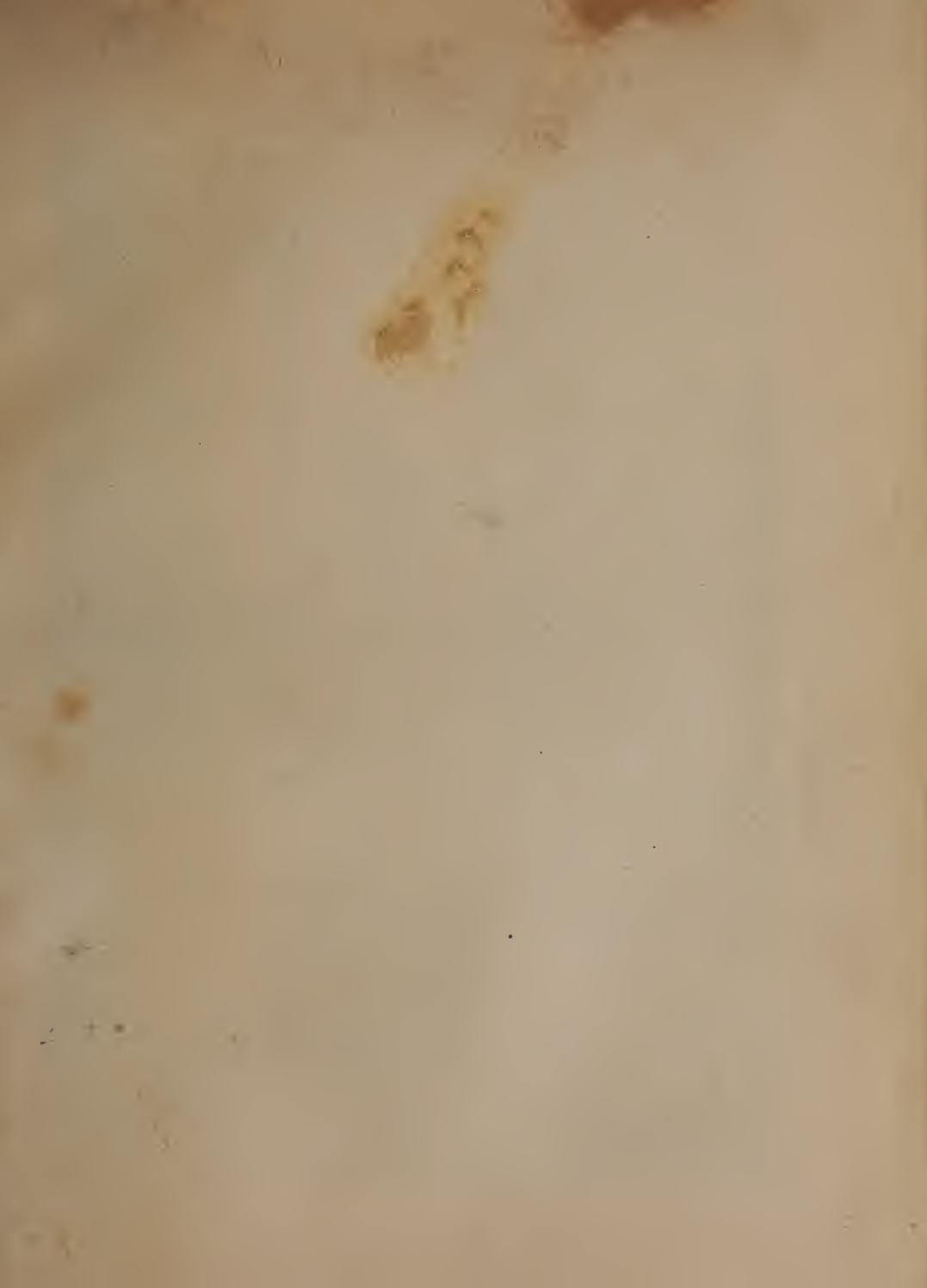
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MEXICO

By Beau Campbell









MEXICO

TOURS THROUGH

THE EGYPT OF THE NEW WORLD

BY REAU CAMPBELL

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LAND;" "RAMBLES FOR SUMMER DAYS;" "54;" "THE CORNER OF THE CON-
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"PALM LEAVES OF FLORIDA: A TRIP FROM PASSADUMKEAG TO
OKEECHOBEE;" "STATEROOM 33: A TALE OF TWO KEYS;"
"SISTERS OR SWEETHEARTS;" "RIDES AND RAMBLES
ON STATEN ISLAND;" AND EDITOR OF THE
"POINTER;" ETC., ETC., ETC.


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MEXICO.

THE EGYPT OF THE NEW WORLD.



OLDER than Egypt" is the oft-quoted simile, and as some ancient and undecipherable hieroglyphic-graven image is unearthed, it adds to the indecision as to whether Egypt is older than Mexico or Mexico older than Egypt as a land of the earlier civilization. The ancient history of Mexico is prolific of legend and romance, and its reading as fascinating as that of her elder sister (if, indeed, Egypt is the elder), and when it goes back to the Aztecs and the Toltecs and beyond, the stories are as similar as are the pyramids, the temples and the idols, and the looking upon some city of low flat-roofed houses spread upon a plain whose trees are feathery palms recalls descriptions of the land of Pharaohs.

It is not possible here to give an idea, even in the abstract, of the legendary lore or historical fact, but who has read it will find his travels here doubly delightful, and as he compares this Egypt with the other, find the question grow upon him, was this first or that, as a civilized nation? The evidences are here of ages upon ages, cut in imperishable stone, although there lacks some links of literature to couple the more ancient people with those of whom there is record. This makes the attraction greater that there is a mystery of origin and the love of it, and the student finds thus much more than equable climate and scenic splendor to bring him to the land of the Montezumas.

The American who travels has been a hunter after the antique as well as warm weather in winter, and when he could combine the two his journey was altogether a pleasure trip; he found them both in a mild way on the peninsula of Florida, but the old Castle of San Marco, at St. Augustine, was the most ancient antiquity—in fact was almost the only one; the weather was warm enough excepting an occasional "norther," and the territory of pleasure travel small. It was extended to Cuba, and at last when the great railways to Mexico were completed and he could find a veritable Egypt of antiquities, and an Italy of sunny skies without crossing the seas, he was content and his numbers increased greatly.

As to latitude, Mexico occupies precisely the same position as Egypt, between the 15th and 30th parallels north, and the Tropic of Cancer passes through both countries at their centres. But this comparison is in favor of Mexico. Although that country lies near and partly within the tropics, the high altitude of a greater portion where the lines of pleasure travel run, is such that a perpetual spring time is the average of the weather, and while the traveler visits the scenes of the charming readings that have been his, he finds a clime that is to his liking, conducive at once to his health and pleasure, and his travels hence can have but one result—a result that is apparent and goes without saying.

As is generally known, passports are not required in Mexico. The money of the

country is all that is required and only enough to pay expenses to the capital should be purchased at the border. This may be done at the ticket offices of the railroads or in the restaurants. American money always commands a premium, and bank drafts are in demand. The rate of exchange may not be quoted here, as it is constantly changing, but it is usually from thirty to forty per cent. The currency most in use is silver, but bank notes are in circulation among those able to own them. Some of the paper money is not accepted beyond the limits of the States where issued, but the notes issued by the Banco Nacional and those of the Bank of London, Mexico and South America are good anywhere. For every-day use silver is recommended.

The metric system is the legal coinage, but instead of speaking of cents the number *reales* are named in giving prices, *dos reales*, twenty-five cents; *cuatro reales*, fifty cents; *seis reales*, seventy-five cents; and *un peso*, one dollar. The smallest copper coin is a *tlac*, one and one-half cents, except the *centaro*, one cent piece; a *cuartilla* is three cents; a *medio*, six and one-fourth cents; a *real*, twelve and one-half cents; a *peseta*, twenty-five cents; a *toston*, fifty cents; and a *peso* is a dollar. The gold coins are seldom seen, the *onza de oro* is sixteen dollars; the *media onza*, eight dollars; the *pistola*, four dollars; the *escudo de oro*, two dollars; the *escudito de oro*, one dollar.

Change is made to a nicety, and if the line divides a *tlaco* it is cut in two with a hatchet.

These, with the money of the country and such clothing as is used in the United States for spring and autumn wear, a winter tour of all Mexico may be made. If the journey is extended through the "hot country" on the coast, and if any stay is to be made, summer clothes will be most comfortable.

There is one thing every tourist feels called upon to take with him or her to Mexico—the phrase book. It is amusing to watch the Spanish students in every Pullman car, and yet more amusing to observe the violent struggles with the pronunciation and the riotous efforts to make themselves understood. I heard one lady call her companion's attention to the "jackals at Jimmy-nez" and was deeply chagrined when a more apt scholar advised her to say the "ha-kals at him-a-nez" when she referred to the jacals at Jiminez.

I bought a phrase book, too; the success attending its use was not brilliant. I got along not so well even as did one fine old American on the train with me. He thought if he spoke loud the Mexicans could understand him. He yelled all the way from El Paso to the City of Mexico.

I felt that I would be all right if I could only talk to the people, so I bought a Spanish phrase book, as did all the other passengers.

I studied diligently the phrase "*Como se llama eso?*" so I could ask a man "What do you call that?" or *quanto*, how much? But I only got into trouble when I sprang my only Spanish on a native. If he understood me, he not only told me what it was called, or what the price was, but gave me a lot of other unintelligible information that was as so much Greek to me.

On my way to Guadalupe, I noticed the shrines along the way and said to the conductor of the horse-car: "*Como se llama eso?*" I suppose he told me what they were, and in all human probability when and by whom they were built. He sat down by me and talked, and I said "*Si señor*" all the way to Guadalupe.

As I stood in the doorway of the Iturbide, a man came up and said: "*Deme usted un cerillo.*" I said: "*No comprendo,*" because I didn't. Then he said: "*Donnez-moi une allumette.*" Still I replied: "*No comprendo.*" Then he said: "Gimme a match," and I asked him why he didn't say so before, he might have had a light long ago.

I was trying to find my way on foot to the Mexican Central Railway station and got lost. I saw a well-dressed native approaching and commenced to brush up my



THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

Spanish. "*Como se llama eso?*" wouldn't do. I must try something else, and when he came up, I said: "*Estacion —, ferro carril —, Central Mexicano, Central —*". He said: "What station do you want to find?"

But really when I learned the money, the numerals and how to put them together, and to read a bill of fare, I found that with my "*Quanto?*" and "*Como se llama eso?*" I could get along very well, especially with the aid of the bell boy at the hotel, who taught me more than the phrase book about keys, paper, ink, etc., who, by the way, is a jack-of-all-trades about the house; he thinks his life is made of all work. He is chambermaid, bootblack, laundryman, messenger, etc.—willing and obliging, and a professor of Spanish in a small way.

I have concluded, then, that with this amount of Spanish education, a spring overcoat, and a light suit of clothes, that the tour of Mexico may be made without trouble.



OLD CATHEDRAL OF SAN FRANCISCO, CITY OF MEXICO.

MEXICAN MANNERS AND MANNERISMS.

I HAD heard of the courtesy and hospitality of the Spaniard, and remembered once when I had entered a Spanish home of being welcomed and told "this house is yours," and when I had admired some object, of being informed that it was mine, and when I came to Mexico I found the descendants of old Spain had lost no whit of cordiality, and the welcome at place of business or the home was warm and spontaneous to a degree, and my memories of Mexico are pleasant ones.

The dress of the Mexican is a picturesque one, of which the wide *sombrero* is the feature, often richly trimmed in gold or silver lace, with a crest or monogram on the crown sometimes, this elaborate head-gear often costing fifty to sixty dollars. A short jacket coming to or a little below the waist is also trimmed in gold and silver; the tight-fitting trousers, wide at the sharp pointed shoe, have two to three rows of gilt buttons. The complete costume always includes a *zerape* of many colors; a *zerape* is a blanket or shawl worn over the shoulders, thrown in knightly fashion, with the fringed and tasseled end over the left shoulder. Men of all classes wear the *zerape*. Coats are almost unknown, except among the better classes. The principal and favorite part of a costume is the *sombrero*. A Mexican may go barefooted, and wear cotton trousers, but he'll have a thirty-dollar hat if he can get it. The man on horseback in Mexico is a picturesque figure in gold lace and buttons, and the trappings of his horse and saddle are most elaborate. It is to be regretted that this style is giving place to the more modern American or English dress.

A native paper notes the passage of an ordinance by the City Council of San Luis Potosi, requiring the inhabitants to wear pants—at least those who are built that way. It is not to be inferred by the modest tourist that the San Luisian went without that important part of a costume altogether, but what they did wear could hardly be called pants.

There are dudes in Mexico. They call a dude "*un lagartijo*." He wears the most gold lace and buttons, the tightest trousers and the widest hat. In other respects he differs not from the dude of New York, and further space need not be wasted here.

For ladies of high degree, the Spanish *mantilla* of black or white lace still does a fascinating duty in place of the hat or bonnet, and the Spanish costume from shoulder to high-heeled pointed slipper. The middle classes wear a black *tapalo*, a shawl which is both wrap and head-gear; the lower classes and Indian maidens wear in the same way a scarf of cotton, usually blue or brown; this is the *reboso*. Mexican women are almost without exception of fine form, healthy and robust. There are thousands of pretty faces, of richest color, long lashes, soft and downy ear-locks, black as jet, and with long, inky black hair. Under the *tapalo* or *reboso* is many a Venus; the corset is unknown, and nature forms to perfection.

Ladies embrace each other at meeting, and kiss on the cheek, presumably saving the lips for other kisses. Men embrace their friends, and pat each other on the back. In passing on the street, instead saying "How'dy," they say "*Adios—Good-by.*"

Following the customs of their ancestors, the young people of Mexico have not that freedom of association as in America. A young lady may not indulge in "steady company" and the young blood of Mexico may not call on his best girl, as in this free and enlightened country. He must win her by *haciendo el oso*—playing the bear. This does not mean that the young man indulges in any idiosyncrasies of the bear, when he (the bear) catches a victim. At a certain hour in the day the devoted lover

LA COLONDRINA.

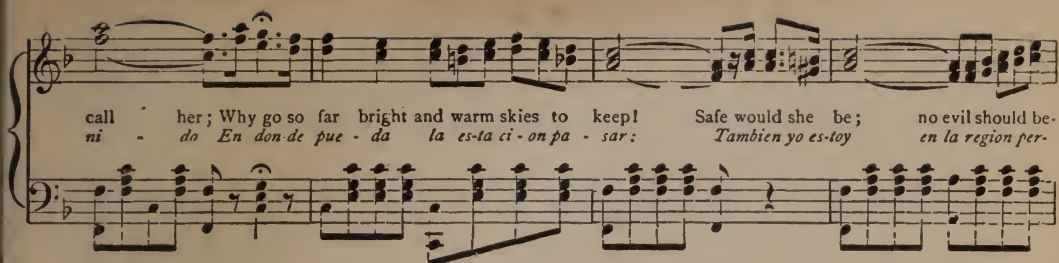
CANCION.

Introduction. *Moderato.*

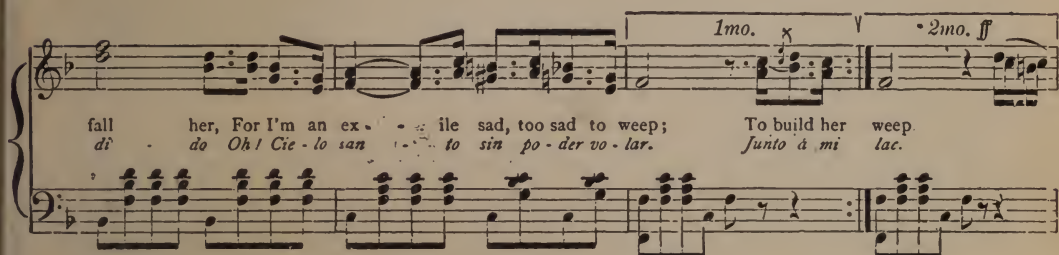
1. Whither so swift - ly flies the tim - id swal - low, What distant bourne seeks her un - tir - ing
 I. A - don-de i - rá ve - loz y fa - ti - ga - da La go - lon - dri - na que de aq - uí se

wing?
 vá? To reach it safe, what needle does she fol - low, When darkness wraps the poor, wee, storm-tossed
 Oh, si en ei - á - re ge-mi-rá es - tra - viz - da Buscando a - bri - go y no lo en - con - tra -

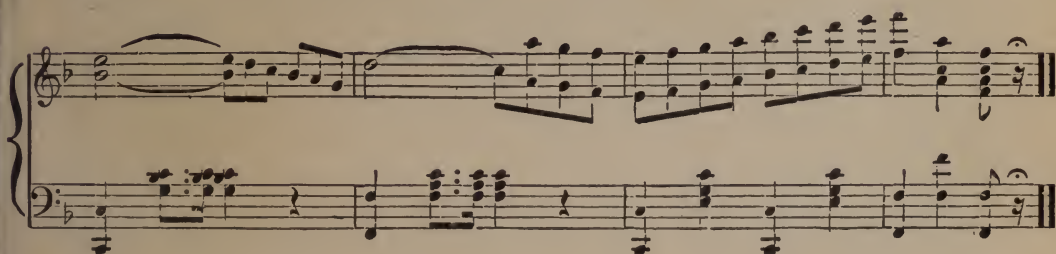
thing?..... Whither so thing?..... To build her nest near to my couch, I'll
 rá,..... A - don-de i - rá,..... Junto á mi le - cho le pon - dré su



call her; Why go so far bright and warm skies to keep! Safe would she be; no evil should be-
 ni - do En don-de pue - da la es-ta ci - on pa - sar: Tambien yo es-toy en la region per-



fall her, For I'm an ex - ile sad, too sad to weep; To build her weep.
 di - do Oh! Cie - lo san - to sin po - der vo - lar. Junto á mi lac.



2. My fatherland is dear, but I too left it;
 Far am I from the spot where I was born;
 Cheerless is life, fierce storms of joy bereft it;
 Made me an exile lifelong and forlorn.
 Come then to me, sweet feathered pilgrim stranger:
 Oh! let me clasp thee to my loving breast,
 And list thy warbling low, secure from danger,
 Unwonted tears bringing relief and rest.

2. Deje tambien mi patria idolatrada,
 Esa mansion que me miró nacer;
 Mi vida es hoy errante y angustiada,
 Y ya no puedo á mi mansion volver,
 Ah! ven, querida, amable peregrina;
 Mi corazon al tuyo estrecharé,
 Oiré tu canto tierna golondrina,
 Recordaré mi patria, y luego lloraré.

comes under the lady's window, and when she comes to the casement he may stand and look at her, exchange glances, smiles and nods, go away and come back again to-morrow and do it all over again. If he is faithful and keeps this up for two or three years, he may finally be allowed to call and see her in the presence of another member of the family. If all goes smoothly they "marry and live happy to the end of their days," as in the fairy story.

Smoking is permitted almost everywhere—in the restaurant and hotels; at the theatre and on the cars (except Pullmans); some ladies indulge, but the custom is going out—though it is always the polite thing to offer your cigarette case—this reminds me of matches. Mexico matches light at both ends, and if a native asks for a light, he will always return the unused end with an intricate wave of the hand in thanks.

Politeness and courtesy are characteristic of Mexico, and it is seen constantly everywhere; a Mexican will not enter a door or pass up a staircase ahead of his companion without an insisting, "*Pasé, señor,*" urgently put, till it is seen that one must go first, and then age or rank or guest takes precedence. The salutations on the street, in the paseo or the alameda "*buenos días,*" "*buenas noches*" and of "*adios,*" are continuous and unending, and meeting friends embrace and cordially salute with "*Mi amigo, mi amigo.*"

They are a music-loving people, whose souls are moved by a concord of sweet sounds, and if the love of music is the test, few Mexicans are fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. No *jacal* is too humble but what its adobe walls (if they have ears) listen to the tinkle of the guitar, and no village so small but its band of native musicians will play in the little alameda in the evenings. In the larger towns and great cities there is music in some plaza or park every day by the military bands—an example set by the Government in giving the people music, that might be emulated by the United States greatly to its credit.

There be fiddlers in Mexico and some violinists. The fiddlers sometimes come under the car window of a passing train, and in hopes of a *tlaco* thrown, give samples of native music "as she is played." There are some who carp at these crude musicians, but they are those who do not appreciate fiddling as an art or the difficulties thereof. Themistocles said he "could not fiddle, but he could make a small town a great city," proving that the attainment of proficiency in fiddling is attended by hard work and the results not to be sneezed at. When the weird sounds come into your window let the *tlacos* go, for whatever work the player may not have done, he has learned the fiddle.

There is music everywhere, there's music in the air, a music peculiar to the country and the people, a music of song, of stringed and wind instruments that plays at morning, noon and night. There are songs of praise and songs of mirth, and love songs; and it may be there are topical songs, and perhaps a Mexican Francis Wilson, or De Woolf Hopper; but the gags are gags of Spanish wit that fall but flatly on the American ear.

There are songs of home; the people have their "Home, sweet home" in the notes of La Golondrina; since music, heavenly maid, was young, she hath not ceased to soothe the heart of savage and civilized man, and her songs of home have been sweetest and dearest to his ear. That song of "Home, sweet home" is one that touches the American heart as La Golondrina melts the Mexican and brings memories of his, whether 'twas of adobe or of stone. Whether the soft melodies of La Golondrina are picked from the strings of a guitar, or señorita sweetly sings the touching notes, or organized orchestra fills the ambient air with its tuneful tones, all there is of sentiment even in the stoutest, sternest heart, wells up in tenderness when La Golondrina's music greets the ear, and brighter, glistening eyes and quicker heart throbs tell that the melody strikes the soul.

THE HISTORY OF BULL-FIGHTING.



THE history of bull-fighting may be divided into two very distinct periods, the aristocratic and the popular; the former extending from the date of the supposed origin of this sport, that is from the Moorish invasion of Spain, until 1770, the year of the Bourbon accession. In order to give an idea of the ardor with which, for several centuries, the Castilian nobility sought glory and renown in such combats, we will select from the records of tauromachy a few of the names which shine with the greatest lustre in this endless bead-roll. Let us put foremost two Spanish sovereigns, Charles V. and Philip IV. Then come the dukes—Medina, Sidonia, Zarate, Bianco, Sastagato;

the counts—Buelma, Villamediana, Tendilla, La Veña; and the knights—Manrique de Lara, Ramirez de Haro, Juan Chacon, Velada, Fernando de Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, etc.

If we are to believe certain documents of the tenth century relating to bull-fighting, Spanish cavaliers, during the long periods of peace which marked the reigns of the caliphs Abderam III. and Hakem II., were to be seen in the same arena with Moorish chiefs, and contending with these latter for the prizes.

But ere long the Spaniards left the Arabs entire possession of the Roman circuses—buildings of immense size of which traces are still to be seen at Murviedo, Merida, Tarragona and Cordova—and throughout the entire peninsula other arenas were constructed in which the young Castilian nobles could freely exercise their valor and skill.

Tauromachy was in its zenith in the reign of Philip IV. The grandson of Philip II., a mighty hunter and bull-fighter, troubling himself but slightly with State affairs, the direction of which he left entirely to Count Olivares, fought with much success in the arena in emulation of his illustrious ancestor Charles V.

The abandonment of the arena by the nobility is generally ascribed to the influence exercised over the society of Madrid by the Bourbon Court. Little acquainted with the warlike manners of the Spanish aristocracy, the reigning family sought, from the moment they attained to the throne, to discredit a pastime which they deemed so brutalizing, and which was so abhorrent to their refined tastes. They were, besides, ill-pleased to see the flower of a nobility with which they wished to be surrounded enter into such sports with so much enthusiasm.

It was a young *torero*, named Pedro Romero, who, toward the end of the eighteenth century, inaugurated the popular period by compiling for these performances a certain set of rules which became the standard code of bull-fighting. Pedro Romero may reasonably be considered the real originator of the art of tauromachy, as, up to the time when he formulated his scheme for conducting these combats, the spectators witnessed a savage fight in which the man, anxious only for the death of his antagonist, paid no attention to the gracefulness of action now deemed so necessary to charm the spectator, but sought only to maim the brute with repeated wounds in every part of its body.

Pedro Romero gave practical instructions to his contemporaries in the principles

of the art by an heroic exposure of his own life, and this with such effect that his name endures in the annals of the arena as that of the most illustrious of the *spadus* of Spain, notwithstanding the high renown achieved by those who followed in his steps. In order to give the reader an idea of the courage and extraordinary skill of Pedro Romero, we reproduce the curious description of a royal bull-fight in 1789, which has been celebrated in verse by the poet Cerrajería, a faithful disciple of Gongora y Argote, and in which our *spada* was the hero.

"On the occasion of the accession of Charles IV. to the throne of Spain, brilliant displays of bull-fighting were given at Madrid under the direction of the famous *spada*, Pedro Romero.



"Who's AFRAID?"

"There is ever present to my mind the dazzling sight of the arena with its balconies filled by charming ladies and handsome cavaliers.

"On an immense tribune built for the occasion on the floor of the circus are seated Charles IV. and Queen Maria Louisa.

"Their majesties are surrounded by ladies of honor, nobles, ministers of State, ambassadors, knights and guards.

"All the boxes are filled by the nobility; tier upon tier is occupied by joyous students with their mistresses, soldiers, brazen-faced courtesans, workingmen with their wives in holiday finery, the pupils of the *toreros*, etc.

"And all these people are shouting, laughing, singing, making fun of everything, and getting noisily impatient.

"The *ganaderias* had provided their best bulls and the *cuadrillas* were perfect. The ground had never been better, and the sun shone in an azure sky. Everything seemed to contribute to the success of the fete.

"At the appointed time the *toreros* appeared on the scene. Their antagonist was a superb animal.

"Pedro Romero, whose reputation was already glorious, then advanced toward the *corregidor* and asked as a favor that he might give up his post to his brother Juan.

"The request was granted, and the young *spada* proudly approaches the bull in the midst of plaudits and shouts of encouragement from the crowd.

"Behind the barrier a young girl was leaning on the shoulders of an old man. The two watched the preliminaries of the combat in silence, but their features were contracted by a painful anxiety.

"Juan was still approaching the bull, when suddenly the latter rushed at the youth, and with a jerk of his head tossed him into the air.

"He fell heavily to the ground, while the brute celebrated his victory by a prolonged bellow.

"A cry of terror arose on all sides, and at the same time the old man was seen to clear the barrier and run into the arena.

"He knelt over the wounded youth, and, beside himself with grief, he tried first with his hands, then with his lips, to stanch the blood which gushed from a terrible wound.

"But Pedro Romero, snatching up the sword which his brother had dropped, cried out to the distracted old man: 'Father, pray to the Holy Virgin for me. I am going to kill the bull or die.'

"At the same time a woman's voice was heard: 'For my sake, and for your children's, Pedro, I beg you, do not thus risk your life.'

"What a dramatic scene! But, without allowing himself to be affected by the sight of his dying brother, his wife in tears, and his disconsolate old father; the king looking on, and the crowd shrieking, pale—and thinking only of vengeance, his eyes full of fire, and uttering a cry which made the hearers tremble, he sprang forward to meet the bull.

"The hearts of all are oppressed by the anguish of the moment. But soon the sword is seen to flash and then disappear up to the hilt between the shoulders of the beast, who falls on his knees mortally wounded. It is a master-stroke.

"Ceaseless applause then rends the air. The excitement of the multitude is at its height. The ladies wave their handkerchiefs and throw bouquets to the conqueror. The king sends one of his pages to congratulate the *spada*, and to learn how the wounded man is progressing.

"But Pedro neither hears nor sees anything of what is passing around him. He hastens toward his old father and his wife, whom he consoles and encourages, then clasping the body of his brother in his arms, he covers it with kisses and tears.

"Thus was manifested in a striking manner, in full daylight, and within a few seconds of time, a father's despair, a wife's affection, a man's fearlessness, a people's enthusiasm, a king's solicitude, the triumph of skill over brute force.

"And henceforth let no one say that a theatrical performance interests the public more!"

It may be said that the classic *cuastrilla* is due to the two Romeros. It was these two *toreros* who instituted the *mataador* or *spada*, the *picadores*, the *capeadores* and the *banderilleros*, the respective functions of all of whom they finally fixed.



ON THE RUN.

The two principal rivals of the Romeros were Miguel Galvez and Bargaitzegui. On the death of Juan Romero, Galvez, who was his most brilliant pupil, obtained the title of first *spada* of Spain, and the control of that master's *cuadrilla*. The bull-fighting period from 1790 to 1801 was more particularly remarkable for the manner in which Castillares and Pepe Hillo handled their swords.

During the entire reign of Joseph Bonaparte the *plazas de toros* were deserted. In 1813 the bull-fights, officially recognized by King Ferdinand, who established at Seville a practical and theoretical training-school, became flourishing once again. Nevertheless, it would not be easy to draw up an imposing list from the *toreros* who appeared before the public between 1813 and 1830.

Let, us, however, make mention of the celebrated Francisco Herrera Rodriguez, better known by the sobriquet of Curro Guillen, who was killed in the arena of Arunda by a thrust in the abdomen from a bull.

For some months after the death of Curro Guillen, these spectacles were in jeopardy, owing to dissensions among the pupils of that master, and for a time the public lost all interest in the sport. Soon, however, the remarkable exploits of the young Francisco Montes, who was destined to acquire later so great a celebrity, recalled the Spanish people to their favorite pastime.

On the death of Montes all the favors of the public were bestowed on the young nephew of Curro Guillen, the famous Cuchares.

Many and skillful were the *toreros* who endeavored to fill the position left vacant by Cuchares, the most celebrated being Diaz Labi, El Chiclano, one of the best pupils of Montes, Manuel Trigo, Francisco Ezpeleta and Francisco de los Santos.

Of contemporary *mataadores* let us place in the first rank Manuel Dominguez (whose Bohemian existence was but a series of extraordinary adventures which we would fain relate here), and complete the glorious list with the names of the brothers Carmona, El Tato, Manuel Fuentes (Bocanegra), Francisco Arjona Reyes (Currito), Rafael Molina y Sanchez (Lagartijo), Salvador Sanchez (Frasuelo), Cara Ancha, Mazzantini, Guerrita, and, in Mexico, Ponciano Diaz.

A thorough study of the art—we may say, of so intricate a science—would require lengthy discursions; for the methods of bull-fighting are numberless, and every day the daring skill of some *torero* adds fresh *suertes de plantar banderillas al relance*, or *de matar aguardando*.

The account of a tragic performance at which I was present will more interest our readers, among whom the *aficionados* are as yet rare, than any arid technical dissertation, of which, moreover, the untranslatable idiomatic phrases would be almost incomprehensible to the uninitiated.

The arena was already full when we entered. Twelve thousand spectators squeezed together were uproariously merry amid a rustling of fans like some stupendous flapping of wings. Above this multitude, whose impatience was revealed by wild shouts, the sun shone brilliantly in an azure field.

It is now a quarter to five, and we have still a few minutes more of expectation. Why not hurry on the performance? The feverish impatience of the crowd has already taken possession of me, and standing on the seat, I wave my *sombrero* towards the box of the *ayuntamiento* and shout, I scarcely know what. My companion, who was a Spaniard, and a great lover of bull-fighting, looked at me with a smile, and as though he was somewhat disposed to banter me.

At last a signal is given from the municipal box, and the traditional *alguazils*, clothed in dark velvet, wearing plumed three-cornered hats, majestic as Count Olivares, and superbly seated on black Andalusian steeds, make their entry into the arena at a hunting gallop.

They salute the president, and disappear hastily after having thrown the keys of

the *toril* to the attendants. Immediately a number of *capeadores* clear the barrier and rush into the arena. It is indeed a charming sight to see these men, all young and handsome, and in splendid costumes, with apparently no thought of the danger which menaces them, standing in an easy attitude and talking quietly to one another.

"There will not be much to interest us in this fight," said my friend to me. "I do not see a single *torero* of any note, and I fear the animal is *embolado*."

Such is the term used to designate a bull which has had the tips of its horns covered with wooden or leathern balls.

Against such an adversary even the most inexperienced *toreros* can fight without running much risk. I will not describe this first event which finished amidst general indifference. Only one *torero* had his ribs broken. Nothing worth mentioning! The bull was scarcely two years old, and his life was spared.

"Now," said my friend, "look out for something!"

I pulled myself together, and, smiling in my turn, watched the proceedings eagerly.

The arena was deserted, but before long the two *aguazils* again appeared. This time they were followed by the *cuadrilla* which was to take part in the combat. The band played the well-known air :

"Ya sale la cuadrilla
De los toreros,
El Tato y el Gordito
Son los primeros."

And the procession began to move.

It halted in front of the municipal box, and the president had scarcely answered the salute of the *toreros* when a loud flourish of trumpets announced that the animal had been let loose.

At that moment, I confess, I felt a keen emotion; my heart beat violently, and my memory conjured up all those bloody scenes of the Plaza de Toros which have been described in the accounts of travels in Spain; and it was perhaps the dread of being ridiculed by my friend which prevented me from going and finishing my cigar in the cool shade of the Retiro.

But escape is now impossible. The door of the *toril* having just been opened, the animal comes forth, holding his head high, his horns threateningly lowered, and he breathes heavily. Then, as quick as lightning, he rushes at the nearest *picador*, who, standing up in his large Arabian stirrups, couches his lance, and awaits him bravely.

The shock was terrific, and a shout of admiration came from all the tiers. At the same onset the bull had ripped open the horse and unsaddled its rider, and as if the noise which greeted his triumph still further increased his rage, he thrust his powerful horns into the body of the animal, while the attendants carried off the *picador* in an insensible condition.

"This is going to be a good fight," said my friend, as he looked at me knowingly.

"Ah, splendid!" I replied, wiping the perspiration from my forehead.

When the bull had vented his fury on the bleeding carcass, he quietly took up a position in the middle of the arena, and remained there perfectly still, without taking any notice of the *capeadores* who leaped round him, each one striking him in turn with his long cloak.

After this first exploit he seemed pleased to present himself to the public, as if he



FACE TO FACE.

already had a presentiment that his name would soon be associated with those of the Sevillanos, Pantalones, and Media-Lunas.

He was of the average height and of a brilliant black. At a glance one could see that he was strong and agile; for his head, adorned with pointed and well-set horns, was short and compact, his shoulders powerful, his breast well-developed, and his limbs, spare and sinewy, had at intervals a sudden movement which, although he did not stir from his ground, caused the *capeadores* who were nearest to him to be on their guard.



A CLOSE CALL.

This immobility was of short duration. All at once he gave a long bellow, shook his massive head to get rid of the veil with which a *chulo* had covered it, scraped the ground with his forefoot, and, lowering his horns, rushed at the *toreros* who surrounded him.

Lightly, as if they had wings, they sprang over the barrier, fancying that they would thus be sheltered from the rage of their powerful antagonist. But they had reckoned without taking into consideration his remarkable agility. Almost at the same time as they, he sprang over the obstacle,

and then rolled at the feet of the spectators, over the body of an unfortunate attendant who was instantly killed.

Driven back at once into the arena, the animal, whose rage was continually increasing, dashed at the horsemen who, clutching their lances firmly, advanced boldly to meet him on their weak, tottering old horses.

By San Isidro, what terrible thrusts!

In less time than I take to write it, two horses were ripped open and lay on the ground, whilst the *picadores*, limping, dragged themselves toward the outer ring, being protected in their retreat by the *capeadores*, who came forward just in time and succeeded in drawing the bull's anger upon themselves. Out of the twelve horses engaged in this combat, six were already dead and their meagre carcasses were scarcely distinguishable as they lay on the red sand of the arena.

Now the multitude, filled with a delirious joy, burst into exclamations in eulogy of the bull. "*Bravo toro! Que bonito! Viva el toro! Anda! Anda!*"

Close by me a young and pretty woman quickly snatched some tuberosse blossoms from her black tresses, and with a kiss, threw them to the brute.

"Now," said my friend to me, "do not lose sight of a single movement of the bull. He has finished with the horses, and now it's the men's turn."

Strange to say, at the commencement of the fight, or even before the appearance of the bull, a thrill of secret terror and anguish had possessed me, and I would have left the circus willingly. But now I was fixed in my seat in spite of the dreadful spectacle which was before me; not for all the Velasquez of the Prado would I have quitted my place at that moment, and I even caught myself applauding the bull's triumph.

"You will soon make an excellent *aficionado*," said my friend.

And I kept my eye fixed on the bull.

Irritated by the fluttering of the gaudy cloaks of the *capeadores*, the animal rushed

about in every direction. But his nimble adversaries, by suddenly twisting round or stepping aside, always evaded him. Then, as he again dashed at them, they so goaded him to madness, that in his blind rage at battling only with air, he plunged at the carcasses of the horses and rent them to fragments. At last, apparently disgusted at having no living enemies to attack, he moved off towards the door.

Then I witnessed one of the most astounding scenes. The crowd, which but just before had been lavishing on the brute the most endearing terms, began saluting his retreat with a salvo of imprecations of unutterably high flavor. To a moralist these would have material for grave reflections on the instability of popular passions.

Then the president of the proceedings came in for his share of abuse. "Thief of a President! Scoundrel! Robber! Why don't you let the *banderilleros* manage this African cow? You are not up to your work. *Al fuego el presidente!*"

I forbear to mention other more insulting taunts. The lucky individual to whom these gracious remarks were made merely replied by a smile of Jove-like serenity. I admired his aggravating coolness. The crowds standing up on the benches shook their fists furiously at him. My friend shouted just as the others did, and I shouted like my friend.

At last this much abused official, a veritable Boissy d'Anglas of tauromachy, condescended to wave his handkerchief, and four *banderilleros* joined the *capeabres*.

Holding a *banderilla* in each hand, they placed themselves in front of the bull. The latter seemed to understand that now he had more formidable adversaries to deal with and that his life was at stake, for he bellowed long and loud, pawed savagely for a moment, and then made a rush at the nearest *banderillero*.

The man, with a grace and skill which drew forth the applause of the assembly, made a pirouette which took him to one side, the furious charge of the animal carrying him far beyond his enemy.

As the bull was returning to the attack, the *banderillero* again stood in his path, and, in the very act of stepping aside a second time, stuck both of his barbed *banderillas* deeply into the animal's shoulders.

"*Bueno! Bueno! Viva el banderillero!*" shouted the crowd. Maddened with rage and pain, the bull plunged across the arena, with tail erect, muzzle held high, bellowing fiercely, and vainly shaking his broad shoulders to free them from the iron points which were at every moment lacerating him afresh. The blood streaming from his wounds covered his hide, giving it the appearance of a purple mantle.

All at once there was a tremendous clamor. The bull had just rushed on another *banderillero*, and he, less fortunate than his comrade, had not been able to avoid him. He was tossed to a height of five or six yards, and fell heavily to the ground, while the bull, carried forward by his impetus, had stumbled, and was kneeling on the carcass of one of the horses.

A death-like silence took possession of the circus.

The *torero* got up and ran a few paces toward the exit door, threw up his arms wildly, and fell face downwards. He was dead. The bull's horn had pierced his chest and heart, and from the gaping wound the blood spurted out upon the sand.



NOT THIS TIME.

It will be long ere I forget poor Nicola Fuertes. His daring and coquettish manner had made him a great favorite with the people, who had given him the nickname of "El Pollo" or "the Cock." The entire multitude were silent and almost breathless as they beheld his body, from which the life had so suddenly fled. Everybody was still hopeful that the *banderillero* had only fainted, that it was a slight wound, and that he would soon get up again. Alas! doubt was soon no longer possible, when the attendants, after having carried him on their shoulders out of the arena, returned and announced that he was dead.

While this tragical incident was passing, the other *toreros*, springing to the animal's head, fluttered their cloaks before his large bloodshot eyes, and maddened him to such a degree that, far from thinking of rushing after the men bearing the body, in his blind fury he dashed at his barrier with such force as to break several of its planks with his head.

Twice again he jumped over into the outer circle, and in another moment he would, with a desperate bound, have cleared the second barrier and rushed among the people, who had already become panic-stricken.

The president saw that it was time to finish, and waved a red handkerchief.

There was great applause, and the trumpets sounded the signal of death. The *matador* who came forward to kill the brute was a man of about thirty years of age. Unknown till then, he was perhaps destined within the next few minutes to make himself famous, and by one stroke to become the rival of Frascuelo and Lagartijo.

Never, forsooth, had a more dangerous animal than the terrible Valenciano been encountered in the arena.

The man was tall and thin, supple in his slightest movements, and his bearing while in fighting array was of irreproachable correctness. Such at least was the opinion of the connoisseurs. And with his *muleta*, or the red cloth, as light as a cloak, and with his slender sword he was about to confront this monster who had borne all before him and whose horns, now reddened with gore, had disemboweled both horses and men, and broken down the strongest barriers.

The *torero* advanced to the presidential box, took off his cap, and said simply: "*Señor el presidente*, I ask to be allowed to fight this bull. One of us must die."

"You may fight him," replied the president.

With a movement full of grace the *spada* threw his cap among the crowd, and walked resolutely toward the animal, which awaited him with its head lowered. Its shoulders, from which the blood was still streaming, shuddered with pain, and again he furiously pawed up the ground. The unfortunate Nicola Fuertes was already forgotten, and the crowd, charmed by the fine attitude of each combatant, applauded alternately the man and the brute.

"You are both charming!" shouted the women.

"Forward, both of you, you brave fellows!" yelled the men.

And then bets were made while the antagonists continued to eye one another keenly. The man moves forward with short steps, while the bull retires slowly until he finds himself brought to a stand at the barrier. Is he afraid, or can he be tired? "*Anda! Anda!*" shout the crowd, and then they call out to the *spada*: "Strike him with your *muleta*."

But the bull, as if he wished to anticipate this insult, made a rush at his opponent, who, by a rapid movement to one side, just escaped him. One of the horns had grazed his chest.

It was in vain that the *capeadores*, when they saw that the bull was still in full strength and that the contest was far from equal, tried to divert his attention and further fatigue him. No longer did he deign to notice them, but made a second furious rush upon the *spada*. Again the latter escaped him, and at the third charge,

while the bull was rushing at full speed toward him, he stood directly in front of the monster, his body erect, and his sword pointed toward the animal, but slightly inclined.

Then I confess I thought of the unfortunate El Pollo when tossed aloft, and mechanically I closed my eyes.

As I opened them again to learn the cause of the shouts and continued applause, I saw the *torero* still in the same spot, saluting the people with his *muleta*, while the bull was plunging about the arena, bellowing with pain and writhing to rid himself of the sword which had been thrust up to the hilt between his shoulders.

"Ah, that will kill him!" they cried, and already the crafty *cachetero* could be seen peering over the barrier, as he awaited the moment the bull should sink on his knees for the last time, when he would creep forward to give the *coup de grâce*, by plunging his lance-headed dagger between the first and second vertebrae.

But, to the surprise of all, the bull succeeded in ridding himself of the sword, which, by a sudden movement of his shoulders, was jerked to some distance, and with greater fury than ever he rushed again at the *spada*, who was unsuspectingly engaged in collecting the cigars thrown to him.

He had scarcely time to bestride the barrier and gain the outer ring, while the crowd signified their disapproval of his flight by a volley of hisses.

Exasperated by this unforeseen attack, and irritated at finding his triumph so suddenly changed to a defeat, he soon reappeared pallid with anger, and holding a fresh sword in his hand.

Theophile Gautier is quite right when he says that a good bull-fight is better than all the plays of Shakespeare. I clapped my hands so vigorously that I split my gloves.

"Ah, ah!" said my friend, "has it come to that? Why, you are a perfect *aficionado*."

I wished to protest strongly against this idea, and was trying to find the most appropriate epithets to stigmatize the brutal customs of the Spanish people, when he made a sign to me to be quiet and to see what was going on.

Night was rapidly approaching—it was one of those superb nights when the darkness has an azure transparency. The dark blue sky served as a grand vaulted roof to the circus, and the stars gradually shone forth like some gigantic *al fresco* illumination. In the blood-stained arena the forms of the combatants became more and more indistinct. They were but shadows which moved hither and thither rapidly, for the contest was raging anew.

Just then one of the spectators lit a candle, and soon thousands of lights glimmered amongst the sombre and excited crowd, and, besides these, a vast number of the broad paper fans held by white, nervous hands were soon blazing to increase the glare. The circus then resembled a vast furnace full of pale faces to which the tragical events of the fight gave an awful weird and tortured aspect. In none of Goya's representations of *tauromachy* have I ever seen so terribly sinister a scene depicted.



A SURE THRUST.

The night birds quitted their holes in the walls, and burnt their wings in striving to flutter through these innumerable lights.

Once more the *spada* succeeded in wounding the bull, but again the brute freed himself from the weapon, and recommenced the pursuit of his implacable executioner.

"*Bravo Toro! Bravo Valenciano!*" they all cried.

So the animal was spared. His achievements had touched the hearts of these good, impressionable Spaniards. They gave him a new lease of life, and again let him into the *toril*.

He made his way thither under the escort of the *cabestros*, shaking his bleeding head, which he raised with great difficulty, and bellowing dolefully.

The arena was now open, and the crowd rushed in, shouting and singing. Some struggled to fill their handkerchiefs or their pockets with the sand colored by the blood of "*El Pollo*."

The age at which the fighting bull is in full vigor varies from four to nine years. He must be of good pedigree, and have never left the breeding-farm. On this point the laws which regulate the sport are very precise. The bull who has already fought in the arena remembers perfectly the blows of his adversaries and their various modes, how deceptive is the *muleta*, etc., and would be altogether too dangerous to encounter a second time.

He must be in good condition, so as to be able to support without being too much fatigued the incessant attacks which precede the final thrust; but he must not be too fat, as that would deprive him of one of his most valuable qualities, his agility. To be perfect he should have a shining black coat, soft to the touch, brown eyes spangled with gold, a haughty look, a broad head, but short and compact, shaggy ears, shoulders and chest well developed, a long and well tufted tail, horns thick at the base, slightly curved, and very pointed at the end.

It has been noticed that bulls have three different styles of entering the arena; whence the following classification of them has been made:

1. The *Levantados*, or heedless, are those who rush into the arena holding their heads high, running about in all directions, and making a number of plunges and comical cabrios before charging the *picadores*. They are the least dangerous to fight, and the easiest to kill.

2. The *Parados*, or lazy, come in at a trot, then stop, and would return very quickly to the point where they entered, if the horsemen, goading them with their poles, did not compel them to throw off their apparent sluggishness. Sometimes they get enraged at the first prick of the goad, and are then very dangerous.

3. The *Aplomados*, or self-possessed, are more to be feared than all. I know nothing more imposing than the way in which they present themselves. They hold up their heads, but exhibit none of the extravagant or cowardly movements of the *levantados* or *parados*. Their deportment is so royally majestic that the people never fail to applaud them when they appear. They proceed at a slow pace to the middle of the arena, as if for the purpose of enabling the public to admire leisurely their heroic and haughty indifference to the numerous enemies who threaten them. Then after repeatedly striking the ground with each foot in order to assure themselves of their firmness, they rush upon the group of *picadores*.

The fighting bulls grow up in full liberty in the breeding parks or *ganaderias*, which are always situated in well watered valleys abounding in sweet scented herbs.

For a long time the bulls of Andalusia and New Castile were most in demand. But at the present time it would seem as though the *mestizos*, a cross between the Andalusian bull and Portuguese cow, were preferred to any. This breed, while preserving the natural vigor of the Spanish bull, is wonderfully horned and extremely agile, as are his congeners of the banks of the Douro, and of the valleys of Braga.

In 1880 Lagartijo devoted a large portion of his fortune to the establishment of an important *ganaderia* of *mestizos* in the neighborhood of Cordova.

The *ganaderias* now most in vogue in Spain are those of the Duke of Veragua, Don Antonia Miura, and Don Rafael Lafitte y Castro.

The fighting bulls have for pasture companions the *cabestros*, a species of very intelligent oxen, which, to some extent, perform the duties of a shepherd-dog, for no sooner does a bull escape from the inclosure than the *cabestros*, without even waiting for a word from the keeper, start off in pursuit, ringing furiously the large bells suspended from their necks. They are not long in overtaking the deserter, who, without the least resistance, returns with a dejected look to the *ganaderia* in the midst of his imposing escort.

Nor are the *cabestros* of less service on the occasion of a bull-fight, for without their aid it would be impossible to drive out an animal whose life has been spared ; but as soon the bull sees them with their keepers, he hastens to join the number, and to return with them to the stables after a short trot round the arena.

The history of bull-fighting in Mexico is but another chapter added to that of Spain, simply changing the names of the stars of the profession. The people of Mexico inherit the bloody fascination of the sport, and what has been written of the exciting *funcions* in the *plaza de toros* of Spain will describe as well the fights in the arenas of Puebla, Toluca, Tlalnepantla, the City of Mexico or any other of the republic.

Star matadors from Spain and Cuba have visited Mexico, notably Mazzantini two years ago and others at different times, but they have not dimmed the glory of the home constellation, for Mexico believes in patronizing home industry when it comes to bull-fighting, and Mazzantini's reception was not cordial nor his engagement a prosperous one, so the field is left to the home toreadors.

There are famous names on the roll of tauromachy of Mexico, such names as Corona, Hernandez, Gonzalez, Gaviño and a host of others, but none have reached that pinnacle attained by the idol of the day, the great and only PONCIANO DIAZ—a man commanding the admiration of the entire people, a man of whom a native paper says : "Should some day a man be required to fill the archiepiscopal see at Mexico and the bull-fight going people be called to elect a man for the place, PONCIANO would be the man.

"Should a presidential election be left to the will of the masses enthusiastically patronizing the popular sport, PONCIANO would be the president.

"Should it ever come to the point of abolishing the republican system of government in Mexico and create a monarchy instead, we would see thousands of the young matador's admirers propose the name of PONCIANO THE FIRST for the Mexican throne."

That's the kind of a man Ponciano Diaz is.

It does not follow that the bull-fighter is a "tough." Mazzantini was a graduate of a college at Rome and an A. M., and Ponciano Diaz a modest, well-appearing man of intelligence and good breeding, brave but not a bully, correct but not foppish, and altogether not spoiled by his professional successes.

Ponciano Diaz Gonzalez was born at the Hacienda de Atenco November 19, 1858 ; his father, now dead, was Don Guadalupe Diaz Gonzalez, and his mother Doña Maria de Jesus Salinas, whom Ponciano loves and reverences to an idolatry which is given as a reason for his never having married.

Ponciano does not remember when he first faced a bull. He tells, as a very dim recollection, that when he scarcely could walk his father, who was a perfect *charro* (sport), would take him to the weekly bull-fights held in the Hacienda de Atenco, where he was employed, and would hold up his little son and use him as a

cloak to goad the beast. This early apprenticeship—perhaps rather too premature and rough—made Ponciano so familiar with the bulls, that he took his first lessons in bull-fighting on the same grounds of the hacienda with the other boys living near by. Scarcely a youth, he was an inveterate toreador, and under the superintendence of, and in company with, the Hernandez, he soon put on for the first time the red coat and knee-breeches of the professional bull-fighter.

In 1878 he was first seen in a public bull ring at Tlalnepantla with the Hernandez troupe, and was much admired and applauded for his bravery and skill, which seemed extraordinary for so young a man.

From Tlalnepantla he went to Puebla under the management of the never-to-be-forgotten Bernardo Gaviño, who was always to him a devoted friend and an assiduous teacher. After working six months with the old Spanish champion, alternating with him as a first *espada*, he was compelled to accept the direction of the troupe at Puebla. Thus he inaugurated his career as a chief bull-fighter on Easter Sunday, April 13, 1879. On this occasion he obtained an ovation which he will scarcely forget while his life may last.

Although he received several blows during his perilous career, Ponciano was skillful and fortunate enough to get wounded but once, though seriously, in the bull-ring at Durango while performing the difficult feat of thrusting *banderillas* (darts) while on horseback, a most daring attempt in which he has no peer throughout Mexico. But in spite of the seriousness of his wound he was able to appear in public in a fortnight.

Ponciano is a semi-god to the masses; he is the impersonation of all that is great to the people.

Do you doubt?

Then you have not seen a delirious mob unhitch the mules from their hero's carriage the day he went to see the first bull-fight by Mazzantini at Puebla, and hundreds of them haul the coach as a triumphal chariot through the streets, until they reached the hotel with their idol, shouting as they ran.

Then you have not witnessed the ovations he receives wherever he goes, and on the street the young and old, boys and girls and little children, point out—*There goes Ponciano!*

If a man can reach the pinnacle of popularity, Ponciano is that man.

It is with the masses that the taste for the sport seems to be ineffaceable; the upper ten as a class do not, as a rule, frequent the bull-ring, though there are many and very brilliant exceptions, and I have seen the most elegant carriage on the Paseo whose occupants were little children dressed in the full costume of the toreador. Is it, then, any wonder the custom prevails, when the children are taught to admire it? An attempt was made a few years ago to legislate against bull-fighting, and all performances were interdicted within the Federal District. Now there are four rings within the city limits, and no well-regulated town in the republic is without its *Plaza de Toros*.

Do Americans attend the bull-fights? Most all of them—once. Once is generally an ample sufficiency and there have been those to leave before the performance was over. I have found a sameness of opinion among those I have questioned on the subject, and those who have made any excuse for it would have been better satisfied to witness a combat of human skill and brute force if the helpless and blindfolded horses could be left out.

If I have devoted much space to the subject it has been for two reasons, more than others. All tourists, naturally uninformed curious to know, ask many questions, and the guide books with one accord evade the question; hence the history is written here, and as to practical information it may be briefly imparted.



PONCIANO DIAZ.

The 'Plaza de Toros' is in shape very much like the cyclorama buildings of America, only much larger; inside is a monster amphitheatre seating thousands of people. Encircling the arena is a high fence or barrier with a foot-rail about eighteen inches from the ground, on the inside, on which the performers step and leap over the fence when too closely pursued by the bull, landing in an open space between the audience and the ring.

The opening of the performance is brilliant and exciting, the audiences are nearly always large, sometimes numbering fifteen to twenty thousand, all eager for the fray. Gay colors are everywhere, bands are playing the liveliest airs, and all is excitement. The feeling of an American under the circumstances is one of amazement and anxious expectation. There is a grand flourish of trumpets, a gaily caparisoned horseman dashes in, gallops to the President's box, a key is thrown to him, it is the key of the door leading to the pens where the animals are kept; the horseman catches the key, woe be to him if he don't, and gallops back to the entrance and disappears; if the key is not caught the man is hissed out of the ring. Another flourish of trumpets and loud huzzas from twenty thousand throats announce the coming of the company.

It is, indeed, a brilliant spectacle, the *matadores* and *banderilleros* on foot and *pica-dores* on horseback, all clad in the gayest, gaudiest costumes, in all colors and gold embroideries, they march to the President's box: the President is a municipal or State officer, and has full direction of the proceedings. He is saluted by the company and the fight is ready to commence.

Now the wildest excitement prevails, and the scene is a perfect picture of pandemonium; all eyes are turned toward the low strong doors under the band stand; they are thrown open, and from a darkened pen the bull bounds into the ring. As he passes under the rail a steel barb, with ribbons attached, showing the breeder's colors, is fastened in his shoulder. He gallops to the middle of the ring, stops and looks about



THE COMING OF THE COMPANY.

with fear and astonishment. He is a grand-looking beast. Surprise and fear give way to rage, he paws the earth and snorts in his frenzy, and discovering the red cloak of the *espada* starts towards him on the run. The man goes over the fence, but not too quickly, for he has hardly disappeared before the bull's horns are thrust through the boards. The animal turns and spies a horse, and woe be unto the horse, his day has come; the *pica-dor* with his lance is totally unable to keep the bull from goring the horse, and it is killed on the spot. The horses are not valuable ones, being old veterans retired from service, feasted and fattened to friskyness for this occasion, are blindfolded and ridden in to certain death. Another man is chased out of the ring and another horse severely wounded; a signal from the President and a bugle call directs the horses to be removed.



THE FALL OF THE PICADOR.

Now comes the really interesting feature of the performance, the thrusting of the *banderillas*. The bull is alone with his tormentors, it is a contest between skill and brute strength. A *banderilla* is a wire about two feet and a half long, on the end is a very sharp barbed point, the wire is covered its entire length with colored paper ribbons. The *banderillero* is the man who places them in the bull's

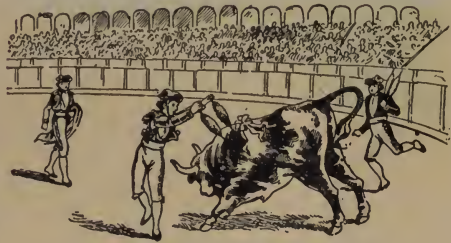


BANDERILLERO CALLING THE BULL.

animal can check his headlong speed he only to find another *banderillero* with two are thrust into his shoulders, all hanging there. Bellowing now, he is wild.

Another signal from the President instructs that the bull has had enough and must be killed—this is where the *matador*, the *primer espada*, distinguishes himself, his skillful killing of the bull by a single thrust of the sword is what determines the brilliancy of the star. The *matador* must face the bull, sword in hand, and await the attack, it is assassination to strike while he is at rest and calls for hisses and missiles from audience. The blood-red cloth or *muleta* is flaunted in front of the eyes and makes one more dash for life

more *banderillas*. These and two more



THE THRUSTING OF BANDERILLAS.

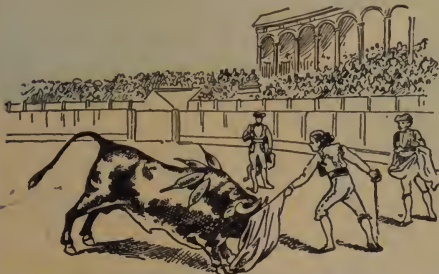
The maddened animal closes his life and falls in death, the sword of the *matador* is thrust between the shoulders to the hilt and has pierced the animal's heart.

Wild bursts of applause fill the air, hats, canes, cigars by the bushel are thrown into the ring by the delighted spectators, men shout and sing, ladies wave their handkerchiefs and mantillas, the *matador* bows his acknowledgments, throws the hats and canes back to their owners, who seem grateful that he should honor them thus.

The band plays, the gates are opened, three gaudily decorated mules harnessed

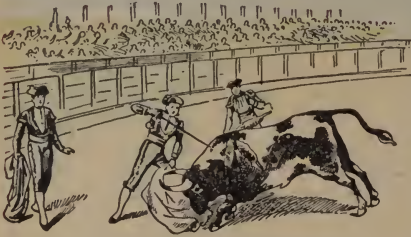
abreast are driven in, a rope is thrown over the dead bull's horns and he is dragged out.

The wait between the acts is not more than a minute, the bugle calls, the low doors open and another bull gallops in, and thus till six are killed at each performance. The skill and agility of the performers is something wonderful and consists in holding



INCITING THE BULL WITH THE MULETA.

the red cloak in such a way that the bull rushes for the cloth instead of him who holds it. The bull shuts his eyes and does not see the man as he quickly steps to one side and escapes, but often he must save his life by flight and a leap over the barrier around the ring.

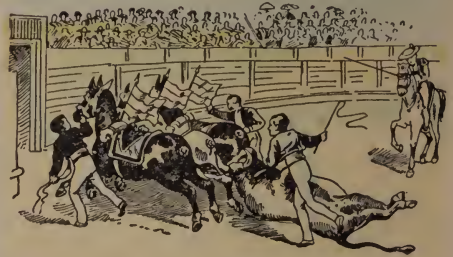


THE THRUST OF THE SWORD.

shoulders, and the *banderilla* is a dart with a barbed point ornamented with colored ribbons. The little plait of hair or queue worn on the back of the head by a bull-fighter indicates that he has passed the degree of *banderillero*. If he commits any offense against the code of ethics or repeatedly fails in the act of placing the *banderillas*, his queue is cut off in public and he is forever disgraced. The *picador* is the man on horseback, but he don't stay there long after the entrance of the bull; yet while he does he goads with a pike or pole with a steel point. The *capeadores* are the men who handle the capes or cloaks which are flaunted in the bull's face to worry. The *muleta* is the red cloth used by the *espada* at the killing, and the *cachetero* is he who puts the finishing dagger stroke between the horns; and when he has done so six times (if there are only six bulls) the show is over.

The *Plaza de Toros* is the bull ring; the *funcion* is the performance; the best seats are on the shady side, those in the sun being sold at cheap prices. Seats in the shade \$2 to \$3; boxes from \$12 to \$20, according to the company playing.

The star fighter is a matador or *espada*—he it is who finally kills the bull with the sword. The *banderillero* is the man who thrusts the *banderillas* in the animal's



THE CARRYING AWAY OF THE BULL.



THE CITY OF MEXICO.

ON that November day, when, more than three hundred years ago, Hernando Cortez left Texcoco, climbed the eastern hills beyond the lake, and looked across the waters on the temple Tenochitlan, he looked with no less wonder than the peaceful invaders of to-day who come through the Tajo de Nochistongo, and see from Huehuetoca the towers of the City of Mexico, that are built and where stood the temples of Tenochitlan. In 1519 that ancient Aztec city was in the midst of the plain where Mexico's capital is, and the chief temple stood on the Cathedral's site.

When Cortez came it was after a more wearisome journey than is the lot of the more modern visitor. Montezuma met his guest at the causeways and with a special committee (this was the first Montezuma special) of a hundred thousand warriors, while the reception of to-day is less imposing, but as warm and welcome, from something less than a hundred thousand *cocheros* who, with their green flags and blue, red flags and white, will welcome the coming man to Mexico at a price indicated by the colors displayed on their *coches*; to be explicit and make a wide stride from romantic history to the practical matters of to-day, the reception committee of Mexico is the same as in the American city—the hackman is the committee.

There is a difference in favor of the Mexican "cabby," in that you do not have to ask the rate of fare, even if you know how. Each vehicle carries a small tin flag about four by two inches, which must always be nailed to the mast unless engaged.

These flags indicate the class of vehicle and the tariff. Those with a green flag make a rate of \$1.50 per hour or 75 cents per single passenger for a short drive within a district; the blue flag hires for \$1 by the hour or 50 cents per passenger; the red, 75 cents per hour or 25 cents per passenger; the white flags are the cheapest, being only 50 cents per hour or whatever the passenger will pay, and if the red or white flags are selected, it is purely from an economical point of view, with no pretense to style of rig, and with no particular desire as to when the destination is to be reached. If overcharges are made, and Mexican hackmen are not unlike their American brethren, ask for the number. *Numero* is the word to use, and he will usually lapse to tariff rates. If a carriage is wanted for a single trip, simply call the name of the place; if by the hour, say "*por hora*," and the prices will be given, green flags, "*un peso y cuatro reales*;" blue, "*un peso*;" red, "*seis reales*;" white, "*cuatro reales*." After dark, and on feast days and Sundays, these figures are increased to \$2, green; \$1.50, blue; \$1, red; and 75 cents for white.

It is easy to find one's way about the city, and the fact that all prominent horse-car lines start from and return to the Plaza Mayor, in front of the Cathedral, makes confusion impossible.

The street-car system in the City of Mexico is a good one, reaching all railway stations and nearly every point of interest in and around the city. Fares in the city *un medio* (6½ cents), to the suburbs *un real* (12½ cents), and *dos reales* (25 cents), according to the distanced traveled. These are first-class fares, the tariff and second-class cars being much cheaper, but are only patronized by the poorer classes. The second-class cars are painted green and follow a half block behind the yellow first-class cars. Parties desiring to visit points of interest may hire a special car as one would a carriage, for the afternoon or all day.

The horse-car driver carries a tin horn, not unlike the campaign horn of the

United States, and which he blows as assiduously, as a note of warning at street intersections. Conductors sell tickets and a collector gets on the cars at certain points of the route and takes them up.

The street-car companies do not confine their operations to the passenger business solely, they do a freight business as well. Another feature of their business approaches the trade of the undertaker. Each line has its funeral car, black, with a four-poster pagoda surmounted by a cross, under which is a black catafalque. An arrangement of this kind is cheaper than the hearse and carriages. You order a funeral car to be at the nearest point to the residence, the corpse is put on board and the mourners follow in the other cars, regular or special, and instead of paying for carriages you simply pay so much per mourner. But this is a digression from the tourist topic.

It is not possible to name the schedules here; suffice to say that cars leave the Plaza Mayor at short intervals of from fifteen to thirty minutes morning and afternoon and less frequently in the evening, when the fares are increased.

Nearly all the points of interest in and around the city may be more conveniently, comfortably and quickly reached by car than carriage.

The hill and church of Guadalupe is at the end of a most interesting horse-car excursion. Cars leave the Plaza Mayor half hourly, and after running through the narrow streets cross the marshes on a broad causeway where there is paved road lined with trees—used in ancient times and now by processions from the city to Guadalupe. Many shrines along the route are still standing, and here the people stopped to invoke the blessing of this saint or that as the pilgrimage moved on to the holiest shrine.

There are churches and churches in Mexico, with pictures and pictures and pictures, but Guadalupe is the holiest shrine in Mexico and has the most mysterious picture—a representation of the Virgin—which, although nearly 400 years old and appearing on an Indian *tilma* of the cheapest, commonest sort, and during three centuries has been exposed to a salty deteriorating air, its colors are bright and fresh as if painted yesterday; and in proof of its alleged divine origin the decay of surrounding pictures is pointed out, while this remains fresh and bright. The legend says that a pious Indian, *Juan Diego* by name, was surprised by an apparition of the Virgin, who commanded him to gather flowers on the barren hill where she appeared and where the church now stands. To gather flowers in such a place seemed impossible, but he found them there, gathered them in his *tilma* and carried them to the priest with the message that a shrine to the Virgin must be erected on the spot. The Indian's story was not believed, but when the flowers were emptied from his *tilma* there appeared a most perfect picture of the Virgin, in style and color different from any other, and in such colors that even the artists of to-day have not been able to fathom their ingredients or the laying on of such material. The church was built as it stands to-day, and over its altar, in a frame of gold, hangs the *tilma* with the mysterious picture. A fund of some millions of dollars has been collected to provide a crown of gold, but waits the sanction of the powers that be at Rome before the plan can be carried out. A graphic and learned description of the picture appears in the *New York World* of December 16, 1888, in which its mysteries and the legend are discussed by Mr. T. B. Connery.

The cars arrive at the village about a league from the city, and stop in front of the church at the foot of the hill where the shrine of Guadalupe is. Passing through a little garden or park to the right of the church, one comes to a small chapel in the entrance of which is a fountain of pure, clear water, which is said to have gushed forth on the spot where the Virgin stood when she appeared to Juan Diego. From this spot around the corner of a narrow street, are some stone stairs

leading to the shrine or chapel on the crest of the hill where Juan gathered the flowers, and is one of the most picturesque spots in all Mexico. On ascending the stairs, may be seen on the right near the top, what seems to be a ship's mast with sails all set, done in stone. A legend says that some storm-tossed sailors prayed to the Virgin of Guadalupe and vowed that if they were saved from a watery grave they would carry the mast to the shrine and erect it there as a memorial and thank-offering—which 'tis said they did carry it from Vera Cruz, incased it in stone, and erected it where it stands to-day.

The tales and legends of this interesting spot are innumerable and may not be related here, as there is not space to tell of feasts and fasts, of the millions of money



AT GUADALOUPE, NEAR THE CITY OF MEXICO.

of its cost and the richness of decoration—all this must be read of in books of wider space, or rather must be seen as one of the objects of a life's travels.

Among the other suburban points of interest are the gardens and orchards of San Ángel and Tacubaya, a place of summer resort of the native upper crust and sort of local Monte Carlo. This line of cars goes very near to the Castle of Chapultepec, but requires a tiresome walk up the hill; it is best to take a carriage to Chapultepec. Popotla, Tacuba, and Atzacapotzalco are, also, the objects of horse-car tours that are most interesting. On the line to Tacuba, which was once a causeway, is the place of "*el salto de Alvarado*" (the leap of Alvarado), where that warrior made his famous leap for life. The exact spot, as shown, is in front of the *Tivoli del Eliseo*. At the end of the causeway, near the church of San Estéban, is the tree of *Noche Triste* (the dismal night), where Cortez sat down and cried after his defeat. The tree is a giant *ahuehuete* or cypress, of great age, now inclosed with an iron rail to prevent a

recurrence of further vandalism, as occurred some years ago, by a crank having set it on fire. There are cranks in Mexico, too.

The floating gardens, *chinampas*, on the Viga canal, are reached by horse-cars from the Plaza Mayor, near the Cathedral, to Embarcadero, and thence by canoe for a few hours or for a day. The boats are a sort of Mexican edition of a Venetian gondola, broad and flat-bottomed with seats underneath a canopy in bright colors; the boats are propelled by a pole in the hands of a dusky gondolier. The excursion is altogether a novel one, particularly on Sundays and feast days, and should not be overlooked. Unless you are thoroughly Mexican it is best to make a picnic of it and take your provender along, but there will come alongside a longer and narrower canoe hewn from the trunk of a single tree. In one end of this quaint craft stands a swarthy Mexican with a single oar of long handle—in the other a comely woman and often a pretty girl, who will offer for a *tlaco* or a *cuartilla*, the native sandwich, a *tortilla con carne* or a *tortilla con dulce*. I offer no advice as to this purchase, but the tortillas of La Viga as I found them were clean and toothsome.

This excursion is the most novel of all. The boatmen meet the horse-cars at the terminus and bid against each other for patronage; there is no regular tariff, twenty-five cents (*dos reales*) each passenger is sufficient to Santa Anita and return; the longer excursions to the lakes and towns beyond, of course, cost more. Santa Anita is a sort of native Coney Island and is a great resort, but the charm is in the ride thither, passing under the low-arched bridges, the market boats laden with fruits and flowers, which must stop at the La Viga gate and pay a duty to the city, levied on all imports from the country. There are great, long flat-bottomed passenger packets also propelled by poles going to and from the towns across on the other shores of Texcoco, Xochimilco and Chalco, crowded with men, women and children and dogs starting or returning from a voyage of a day and a night.

Any day will do for the La Viga voyage; but Sunday, or better still, on a feast day, there will be flowers afloat and ashore, and music, music everywhere, of all sorts from the tinkle of a guitar to blare of a brass band; gayly dressed men and more gayly dressed women, singing and dancing on the boats or under the trees of the Paseo de La Viga which runs along the canal.

The floating gardens, it is said, really were entitled to the name, but now are only bits of land with little canals instead of walks through the beds and plots.

On the banks of La Viga once lived El Señor Don Juan Corona of most happy memory, revered for deeds of daring, and loved for his charity; he was not a soldier or a Sunday-school superintendent; in life Don Juan was a bull-fighter, and much renowned in his day, but his career is not to be written here.

Ask your gondolier to stop at the hacienda of Don Juan Corona. Enter beneath a hospitable roof and find a house intensely Mexican, shaded by trees and almost hidden by climbing vines and flowers. Every room is a museum in itself filled with relics of every age and time of Mexico's history, curious objects collected from all over the country, in dozens and scores; there is a cigar-case once owned by the patriot priest Hidalgo, also a pistol and sword carried by him; some pieces from the table service of the Emperor Maximilian; several idols found in the pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan; weapons, feathers and war-dresses used by the Aztecs; one of the guns with which Maximilian was shot; the bed used by General Santa Anna, while President of Mexico; a rifle used by General Miramon in the siege of Querétaro; a magnificent collection of *chicaras* (chocolate cups) painted by the Indians of the State of Michoacan; very curious ancient bull-fighter dresses, among which is the one used by the Spanish matador Bernardo Gaviño when he was killed in the ring at Texcoco.

The collection of this bric-a-brac was Don Juan's hobby; but another and more

philanthropic pleasure of his was the care of children of the poor of La Viga, and from his savings he established a school for them, where they were not only taught but clothed and fed ; he was known as the "father of the destitute."

The school still exists and will be shown in one of the rooms of the hacienda. As you enter, the bright little beneficiaries of Corona's bounty rise in salutation.

The school has not the ample means it had in the life of its founder, and any offering made will not only be acceptable but is a tribute to the memory of a good man.

The Paseo, or, to be explicit, the Paseo de la Reforma, is the drive of the city. Carriages are necessary to the proper seeing of the Paseo and to save a walk up the steep hill at Chapultepec. It is about 2½ miles long, reaches from the city to Chapultepec, and is a magnificent boulevard, where the *bon ton* are pleased to drive every afternoon from four o'clock till dark, when the magnificent procession of fine equipages files down San Francisco street and disperses. The carriageway is broad and shaded by great trees, two rows on each side, between which is a wide promenade. At regular intervals the Paseo widens into a *glorieta*, a circle 400 feet in diameter, where there are stone benches. In three of these circles are to be placed statues of the nation's heroes: that of Charles IV., said to be the largest bronze in the world, is at the entrance, and Columbus and Guatimotzin farther along ; Juarez and others are to be placed in the other *glorietas*.

At the farther end of the Paseo rises the hill and castle of Chapultepec, surrounded by a forest of cypress which is not surpassed for magnificence on this continent. The grand old trees, most of which must date back over twenty centuries, rise in sombre majesty above those of ordinary growth, like a race



IN THE PASEO, CITY OF MEXICO.

of giants among pigmies, and the dim aisles beneath their lower branches are made still more beautiful by the almost intangible softness of draperies of gray moss festooned and swaying from limb to limb. Through this wood, shadowy as twilight even at a midday, the carriage road winds and mounts to the summit. Standing on the terrace, whence rises the grand old castle, one looks across the Valley of Mexico. Surely, of all beautiful outlooks in this beautiful world, the most wondrous is this!

With the remembrance strong upon me of scenes in other lands which have been



CHURCH OF SAN DOMINGO, CITY OF MEXICO.

inspiration and delight, with the memory of the Yosemite in its blended aspect of mystery and majesty still foremost in thought, this heavenly landscape loses nothing. Even the glamour which ever surrounds the past fades before the reality. From this beautiful spot one looks across a valley fair as a dream of paradise, with soft green fields and waving hedges and avenues of lofty trees outlining gray country roads that fade into the azure distance. A faint line of pale blue mountains, purple sometimes with deep shadow, rest like brooding and watchful spirits around the dim horizon; and farthest of all, beautiful with that sublime sense of remoteness and awfulness which belongs only to them, the solemn presence of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl rises like radiant clouds against the serene heavens above.

Everything we had before known of mountain scenery

becomes secondary in the imagination compared with these wonderful heights! The great serenity of the plain, the softly changing greens which cover its entire extent, and the undulating, exquisite line of hills, like the frame of some rich jewel, is something unspeakable when contrasted with the grand solitary state of these twin monarchs who dominate them all. If no more of loveliness than this view can give were added to one's inner life, the journey to Mexico would be fully required.

Chapultepec was once the favorite park of Montezuma; later the palace built there by one of the Viceroy's of Spain (Galvey) was used by Maximilian, and is now the residence of the President, the Mexican White House. The park and hill was the scene of a conflict between the United States troops and Mexicans in 1847, when the

hill was carried by assault. Besides the presidential residence, the national Military Academy is also located here. A pass to the buildings may be had from the Governor of the National Palace in the city.

The views from the wide galleries of the palace are grandly magnificent. On one side are the volcanoes, on another the fields of Cherubusco and Molino del Rey, and from the front the grand view of the city, lakes and the plain, with towns and villages everywhere, with the mountains on the other side. In the foreground are the great cypresses of the park, the rocks and steep hillsides, Moctezuma's Bath, and the old aqueduct of the city's water supply.

The interior decorations are beautiful and unique to a degree, with Pompeiian color and decoration in the tiled galleries. A smoking-room has hangings of satin

and plush. A desk and dresser in another is inlaid pearl and onyx. A banquet-hall reached by a fine stair-way has a ceiling decorated with coats of arms from 1474 to 1887. A drawing-room has the walls hung in the most delicately tinted satin—has tapestries and the richest ebony furniture. Bedrooms with the daintiest boudoirs are furnished in regal elegance. The palace is on the very crest of the hill, approached by only one



CHAC-MOL, THE GOD OF FIRE.

winding road, and must have been a formidable place to take by assault. A subterranean passage leads from the garden to a cave at the foot of the hill in the park, where there are some rocks with strangely appearing hieroglyphics which have been ciphered out as the dates and names of Aztec history.

The tree of Montezuma (*arbol de Montezuma*) is also shown, where that chieftain wept, as Cortez did under his tree, and also for defeat.

It is a good plan to start to Chapultepec about noon, reaching the Paseo on the return in time to join the procession and see Mexico's "upper-ten" on wheels.

It is not expected to describe the Cathedral and the churches here, there are 127 of them, and it is a never-ending tale of towers, bells, crosses, images, pictures and legends from beginning to end, from San Domingo, of Inquisition fame, and San Hipolito, mentioned with the slaughter of the *noche triste*, to the Cathedral, which is a grand aggregation of all styles and designs of church architecture in Mexico, so that any detail of the story cannot be related here. There are churches everywhere and more building, so that no directory is needed for their finding. Besides, there are schools, academies and colleges without number, among which are the Preparatory School, San Carlos Academy, the Encarnacion School for young ladies and the College of La Paz, each worthy of a visit.

The Mint, the National Palace, the National Museum are all places of interest, in the centre of the city, which can be visited in the walks about town. The Museum is rich in antiquities of bygone ages, and the relics of fallen and past dynasties in the country's history which must be older than Egypt, reading from examples of Aztec picture writing, Moctezuma's shield and the statue of *Huitzilopochtli*, the god of war, down to Maximilian's coach of state and his dinner service.

In the National Library are over 200,000 volumes, in all languages. Old books and new. Books over 400 years old. Books on vellum and parchment. Books that



THE BAZAAR,
CITY OF MEXICO.

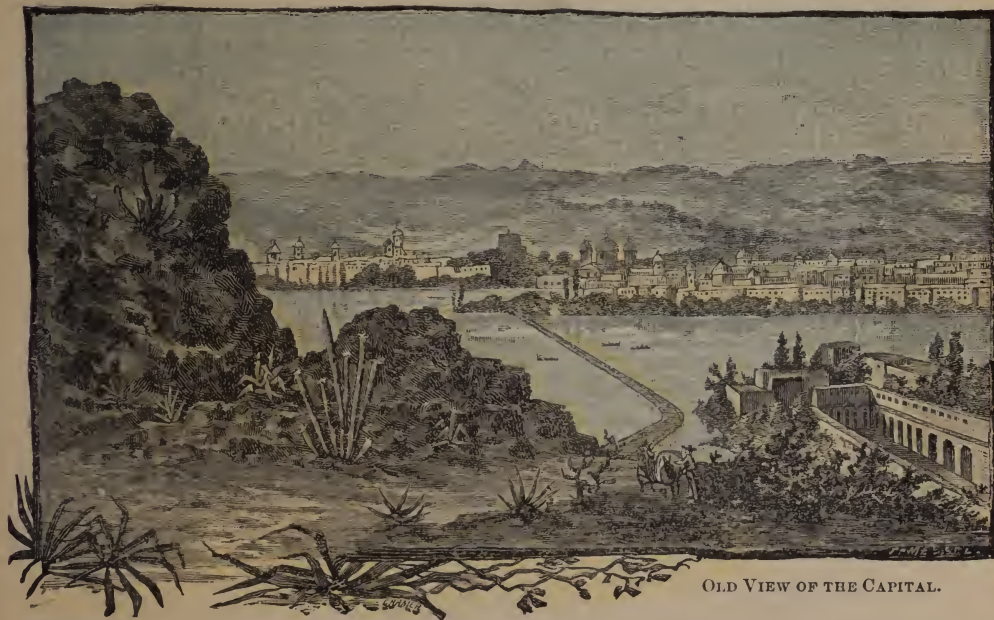
the British Museum has not got, but would like to have. There is an atlas of England printed in Amsterdam in 1659, with steel plates and in colors that are as bright and fresh as if just off the press. Another volume bears date of 1472, and another is still older, printed in two colors with a most perfect register. There is a Spanish and Mexican dictionary, printed in Mexico in 1571. There is a book of autographs of notables and soldiers of Cortez. A roll of deerskin shows some original dispatches, (painted pictures) sent by Moctezuma to his allies, but intercepted by Cortez. There are original manuscripts and immense volumes with every old English letter done with a pen. There are rare books of all ages and nations, from a Chinese dictionary to Picturesque B. & O., and a copy of the *Pointer*.

The *Monte Piedad* is the national "uncle" of the impecunious Mexican; here he brings his pledges and borrows what they will bring. The institution was established to lend money on collateral at a low rate of interest, and is under direct control of the Government. Unredeemed pledges are exposed for sale at a certain price; if not sold within a given time they are marked lower, and after a while still lower, and thus often some rare bargains in old jewels and heirlooms are obtained.

The theatres are *Principal*, *Arbeu*, *National*, *Alarcon* and *Hidalgo*, which, with Orrin's

Circus, form the amusements of the city, excepting always the bull-fights. The non-Spanish-speaking American will hardly be amused at the theatres, but at the extremely novel circus cannot fail to be pleased. There are three *Plazas de Toros* in the city, where the national sport of bull-fighting is carried on in the highest style of the art, and with such artists as Ponciano Diaz and "Cuatro Dedos" the performances are said to rival those of old Spain, and there breathes no Mexican with soul so dead, who e'er to himself hath said—that Mazzantini was any sort of a bull-fighter alongside of his own Ponciano. Sundays and feast days are the days for the bull-fights, and the three rings have crowded houses. The sport was formerly interdicted in the Federal District, but the will of the people was too strong, and the law was repealed.

The *Alameda* and the *Zocalo* are the places of resort by the people at all times, where they come for rest and recreation, come to walk under the shade of the trees or sit among the flowers, and listen to the melodies of their country, listen to music that is the gift of the Government to its people. On Sundays and feast days, and in the evenings during the week, military bands play at this park or the other, so there is music somewhere all the time ; and so it is in every city in Mexico, and very many



OLD VIEW OF THE CAPITAL.

towns and villages have the same pleasant feature of entertainment for the citizens, and they are appreciative. When these concerts are on, the alamedas or zocalos are crowded—the rich and poor assemble there, and while they do not mingle they are alike contented, and seem appreciative for a gift which is not so freely accorded the people even in this great and enlightened country.

The markets are interesting to every tourist ; the fruits of the tropics are there, fresh from the gardens and groves of the "hot lands," only a few leagues away. All the vegetables of this country, and which are grown in summer here, are in the stalls

there in January. Strawberries and green corn, peas and water-melons and everything of our summer gardens, grow under Mexico's genial skies all the year round.

And as to flowers—I have seen great bunches of violets in the glass-covered pagoda under the shadow of the Cathedral, go begging sale at a *tlaco*; a handful of roses, worth a dollar each in New York, offered for a *medio*; a basket of flowers for a *real*, and one two feet high for a half-dollar; I saw all this the day I read of the fearful blizzard at home, and wondered at such a climate that could produce them in a country nearly 8,000 feet above the sea.

The markets of Merced and Volador are just a square or two south of the Palace, and a little farther on is the canal, with its waters covered with boats and the banks



THE PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO.

with the hucksters. The San Juan and Catarina are on the squares of the same name, all with more or less interest to the visitor.

In the walks or rides about the City of Mexico or the other large cities, the visitor may be assured of his safety—the police system is a good one.

The Mexican policeman is costumed with a hooded garment, and as he stands at the street corner at night looks not unlike the brigand of the stage. In the City of Mexico a policeman stands at each street intersection all over the city. He has a lantern which he places in the middle of the street. Whether there is more protection in this or not, the officer can be found when wanted. And that is more than can be said of some American cities.

Some Sunday in the City of Mexico take a walk through the *portales* near the Zocola and see the peculiar traffic carried on there. Hundreds of people offer thousands of second-hand articles for sale. The most varied assortment is on hand—the goods are spread out on the pavement and customers waited for. I took stock for one man; he had: 1 scythe; 3 electrotypes; 1 jewelry case; 1 monkey wrench;

2 crosses ; 1 set of teeth ; 1 sofa ; 1 bung-starter ; 6 balls twine ; 1 book ; 1 guitar ; a quart of nails ; 3 tape measures ; 1 hoop skirt and a bouquet.

Speaking of signs, the stores of Mexico all have fancy names, more or less appropriate. Another sign indicates the stock for sale. *Zapateria* indicates shoes. *Plateria*, silver ware. *Bonneteria*, millinery. *Joyeria*, jewelry. *Botica*, drugs. *Peluqueria*, a barber shop. But it is the pulque shop that has the unique sign. One is called "*El triunfo del diablo*," the triumph of the devil. Another, "*La cola del diablo rojo*," the tail of the red devil.

An advertiser of furniture and bedding recommends his "*El colchon blindardo*," the ironclad mattress. Instead of the auction store, the red flag indicates the butcher.

There are some fine stores, and shopping in Mexico is a novel experience in every way for ladies—and they will be treated with every courtesy ; but the American shopper need not be surprised if the salesman smokes while he waits on her. Don't put too much faith in the sign "English spoken." I asked a clerk if he spoke English. He said "A few." He told the truth.

And last of all where you will go to are the cemeteries ; San Fernando contains the tombs of some of the Presidents, and its great soldiers, and is also the resting place of Miramon and Mejio, who were executed with Maximilian. Another cemetery near Tacubaya is the Dolores, where there are some fine monuments. The Americans, English and Spanish have separate burial places.

I have written of the horse-car funeral trains, but I have seen other queer funeral parties, and sadder ones ; I have seen a man and a woman get into a second-class car, he with a tiny coffin in his arms, and I have seen two Indians walking solemnly along the street with a longer coffin on their shoulders, while the mourners, too poor for even a horse-car fare, followed on foot. These are the exception, the brighter scenes in Mexico are many, and one never tires of a visit to the ancient city of the Moctezumas.



OVER THE HOUSETOPS, CITY OF MEXICO.

THE HOTELS OF MEXICO.



SPANISH LADY.

THE traveler can make himself more perfectly "at home" in a Mexican hotel than anywhere in the world, for once assigned to a room you are left severely alone. On my first attempt to register, before he would let me put my autograph on his book, the proprietor asked me if I had seen my room. As I had just landed from a three thousand mile Pullman car journey, I had *not* seen my room. There seemed to be a doubt in his mind whether the new arrivals would like the rooms; if not, what's the use of using up the register? If, however, everything is satisfactory, you write your name and assign yourself a room, by placing the number opposite your name. That done, the proprietor writes your name on a blackboard on the wall and goes about his business, if he has any.

Your room has an iron bedstead; a single bedstead it is, and it may have springs, but oftener the mattress rests on planks—what carpenters would call "inch stuff"—but it's clean, and if it is in the "hot country" will have a snowy white mosquito bar, and the linen is fresh, the bed is never made up till the guest arrives. Candles are furnished, and towels, but no soap—and you must buy your own matches. I heard a man say, "Mexico has two advantages, good climate and good matches." The climate is free, but you must pay for the matches.

The Iturbide, once the palace of the emperor of that name, is the greatest hotel of all Mexico. The building is palatial, but the emperor's furniture is not used, and the emperor is not there; but he has an able representative in the manager; he is not imperious, but for easy-going he out-emperors an emperor. I was at Iturbide two or three weeks, and I never saw the manager disturbed in the least. He came down after breakfast, went to his dinner, came back and walked about the office, or *patio*, till ten o'clock, then turned off the electric light, locked the office and went away. But the guests never had any trouble. The hotel was always full, but it was only the new comers who kicked, and they got over it in twenty-four hours. I was amused

at a young American who arrived a week after I did. He asked the manager for "two connecting rooms with bath." Said the manager without a ripple of regret that he couldn't comply, "I will give you one room on the fourth floor, one on the second, and you can get the bath in the barber shop"—and the young American took the rooms without a murmur. If he had been in his own country he'd have gone to another hotel, but in Mexico he is helpless.

At the Hotel Humboldt there is less style, but there is good management, food, and attendance. There are English-speaking managers and clerks, and things move at a livelier gait. All Americans will wish the Hotel Humboldt an abundant success. The Jardin (pronounced *har-deen*) is the swell hostelry of the Mexican capital and has a lovely garden, onto which all its rooms open, a truly tropical aspect that is most charming.

All Mexican hotels are on the "European plan"—order what you want, and take what you can get—you can get all you want, generally, and if you like a warm meal you will not be disappointed anywhere in Mexico unless there is a short crop of pepper. It doesn't take long to get used to Mexican cooking, and then you like it. Boston has a reputation for beans, but the *frijoles* (*freeholies*), the beans of Mexico, would make a Bostonian deny his town, if that were possible, at least from a bean standpoint. There is no butter in Mexico, that is, butter as Americans understand it; a pale lubricator is manufactured, generally from goats' milk, which, with the addition of a little salt, makes a better substitute than some we get in our own country. Coffee is native to the country, is pure, and generally well made; perhaps stronger than the American likes, but good.



AN INDIAN GIRL OF MEXICO.

At Vera Cruz, while I was waiting in the station to find somebody I could talk to, I was approached by a Mexican of the purest African descent, who accosted me in my native tongue, inquiring if he could "tote yo grip to de hotel." I was glad to meet Sam Thompson, of Vera Cruz, formerly of New Orleans. Sam "toted" my grip to the hotel, and with the assistance of some other American guests assigned me a room, and afterward showed me the town. I paid my bill to a Mexican in a red blanket, and did not see the proprietor or manager while I stayed. The room was pleasant, the bed comfortable and clean, and I didn't miss the "boss," as Sam called him, just as if he was still in New Orleans. The story of Sam Thompson, of Vera Cruz, would make as interesting though not a similar one to that of "Mr. Barnes of New York."

When I came to Yantepec, I found that I was a stranger in a strange land—not a soul could speak English. I could say "hotel" in Spanish, and the conductor conducted me to "El Gran Central." I went through a court-yard and up a stone stairway, where an old Indian woman said "*Cuarto?*" I replied "*Si señora,*" and was shown to a cleanly apartment where there were two iron bedsteads with the mattresses rolled up. The woman brought water and towels. I removed the travel stains, and went out to look at the town. On my return I found the bed ready, the whitest and cleanest of beds, where I slept soundly till train time next morning. Then I said "*Quanto?*" and the old Indian replied "*Seis reales.*" which was my entire conversation at the hotel. The meals at the restaurant were good.

A hotel in Toluca includes a theatre *à la Niblo's* in the Metropolitan of New York, also Russian baths; and the principal hotel of Morelia also has fine baths. These hotels have an open court-yard or *patio*, where there are tropical plants, flowers, and fountains, a distinctive feature of the Mexican hotel, and a most charming one. Wide galleries extend all around the *patio* at each floor; the bedroom doors opening on the gallery and the windows extending to the floor, the ventilation is complete.

There is a fine hotel at Zacatecas, the Zacatecano, and at Silao the hotel and restaurant at the station is far above the average even in this country. At Aguas Calientes, Guanajuato and Leon there are good hotels. At Guadalajara they are better than usual; one kept by a German is particularly attractive, the rooms open on a wide gallery around the *patio* which is filled with tropical plants and flowers and has a playing fountain. If desired, meals will be served on the gallery and daintily served as in a German garden, and under a bright colored awning if the sun shines your way.

At San Miguel and San Luis Potosi the hosteleries are in good repute—at the latter the restaurant of Sam Lee & Co. is worthy of more than one visit. As the name indicates, the proprietors are from the Celestial Kingdom, but if on reading this item any cry of "Rats!" is heard, it is entirely without foundation in fact.

At Saltillo, Monterey and Topo Chico Hot Springs, the hotels and restaurants are very good. Hotel rates are cheap. Except at the largest hotels room may be had for six to eight *reales*—75 cents to one dollar per day, and meals from four to six *reales*. Breakfast is at noon and dinner at six; coffee is served in the morning for one to two *reales*.

A hotel laundry is unknown in Mexico; the bell boy will attend to the business; he takes your clothes away and brings them back "done up;" that is all that is known or can be found out about it. In addition to his duties as bell boy, this Poo-Bah of the upper floors is chambermaid, bootblack, porter and messenger, for which extra tips are expected, wherein the resemblance to the American hotel is complete.

SOUTH OVER THE MEXICAN CENTRAL.

THE pioneer rail route, from the United States to Mexico, enters that country at El Paso, crosses the Rio Grande to the old town of Paso del Norte, now called Ciudad de Juarez, in honor of the Mexican statesman, and commences the journey to the interior on the rails of the Mexican Central Railway.

The passers-by at El Paso cannot resist the temptation of a glimpse at old Mexico, whether they are *en route* to the interior or to California. They all cross over the long foot bridge that spans more of sands than river, and take a look at the adobe houses and the old church in Paso del Norte, now called the City of Juarez, just as they do a thousand miles farther on. It is but a glimpse here, but whets the appetite for more and makes the tourist glad he is going.

It has been the custom not to open the Pullman car until the train crosses the river, and the Mexican customs officers have examined baggage. They are very courteous, and their duties quickly performed. A splendid meal—better, I am glad to say, as so much has been untruthfully said in this relation by out-of-date guide books, than is the average in “The States”—is served in the station restaurant, and the train is ready to start south.

The first night of the journey is like that of the other lines: dreary and desolate as to country; but bright anticipations of new and novel scenes prevent anything like monotony, and when dawn comes on this, our first morning in the sunlands, we are spinning through a narrow valley, level as a billiard board—the veritable “high table land” of the geographies, lying between two close ranges of low mountains, shrub-covered and crowned with the most entrancing cloud effects one imagines out of fairyland. The soft white heaps, now tossed above some climbing summit, now rolled into some happy valley between, are constant joys to every eye that rests upon them. While we are still looking, entranced at the beauty of changing form, we get our first glimpse of a hacienda. At the further end of the plain a group of white buildings, a wide corral, fenced in with slight boughs and a fringe of most exquisite green along the margin of a fine line of blue water, make a scene for a painter. Out of the corral on one side comes an immense herd of cattle, followed by two mounted cowboys; at the other an equally immense herd of goats, black, brown and white. A group of Indian women are filling great jars of red pottery at the brookside, and across the dry watercourses flocks of sheep wander, nibbling the tender blades of young grass and followed by their shepherds. It is truly a scene of another world than ours. By-and-by, between a gap in the deep red mountains which wall up the beautiful narrow valley, one catches a glimpse of a wonderful vista full of deep blue colors, with another glint of clear water, and far off the more mystical heights of some new range which distance clothes with abundant majesty. Nothing we ever saw surpasses the effect of these perfectly level rich lands, hemmed in by the majestic beauty of the hills. The novelty never wears away. But the lofty mountains are not all of this country—there are fertile valleys and broad grazing plains, where there are thousands of cattle, sheep and horses.

Chihuahua (pronounced *Che-uou-wa*) is the first place of importance. The meaning of the name is “the place where things are made”; in olden times the city was called Taramara, and in later years San Felipe el Real. An interesting city, worthy of a day's stop, it lies to the right of the track, and while engines are being changed there is often time for a drive to the city, a mile distant, to see the mint, the churches,

the old aqueduct, and Hidalgo's monument, erected on the spot of his execution. It will take a day at least to do the town, a longer visit may be pleasantly made, as there is a pretty good hotel.

The Church of San Francisco, erroneously styled the Cathedral, is a fine building with an imposing interior and two high towers. It was built more than a century



FOUNTAIN AT CHIHUAHUA.

ago at a cost of more than three-quarters of a million dollars, raised by a tax of two *reals* on each pound of silver taken from the Santa Eulalia mine. In one of the towers a broken bell is shown, broken by a shot from a French cannon during the bombardment of the city. Horse-cars run from the station to the plaza—fare, a *medio*, 6½ cents; or one may go quicker in a 'bus or hack, for two *reals*.

Chihuahua is the capital of the State of the same name, and has a population of nearly 20,000; was founded more than 300 years ago; so its growth is not of the mushroom variety.

After leaving the station, look from the windows on the left side to see the smelters of the Santa Eulalia mines; and a little farther on is the *Cerro del Coronel*, so called from the execution of a revolutionist colonel at this point. The road runs through a lake region skirting the western border of the Bolson Mapimi, and comes to the valley of Conchos and San Pedro, where there are some fine lands, and the journey grows more interesting.

Near Santa Rosalia are some mineral and hot springs, with a local reputation for their curative qualities. Jiminez is the shipping station for the Parral mining district, fifty miles west of the road. An eating-house is located here, and a good meal is to be obtained.

Lerdo is a city of 10,000, located in the midst of a fine cotton region where the soil and climate are so favorable to the growth that the plants need renewal only every third or fourth year. The city lies on the right side of the track. Three miles further is the junction of the Mexican International Railway at Torreon.

Durango, the capital of the State of that name, is 150 miles west ; reached by diligence only, but with a railroad in prospect. Durango is a city peculiar to itself even in Mexico, and worthy of a visit.

Fresnillo is another important mining town, once a great city, now containing about 20,000 people. The now overflowed and abandoned mines of Proaño are near the road, and may some day, in the near future, be operated again.

The wealth of this country, present and past, is fabulous ; hardly a town but was, or is, a great mining town, and it is silver, silver everywhere. If the mines have been abandoned, they are to be worked again or new ones opened in the same district.

Every mile of the journey increases in interest now—one interesting place is left behind only to look forward to another, and the intervening country presents new scenes and views continually. The train is making tortuous windings to get over a

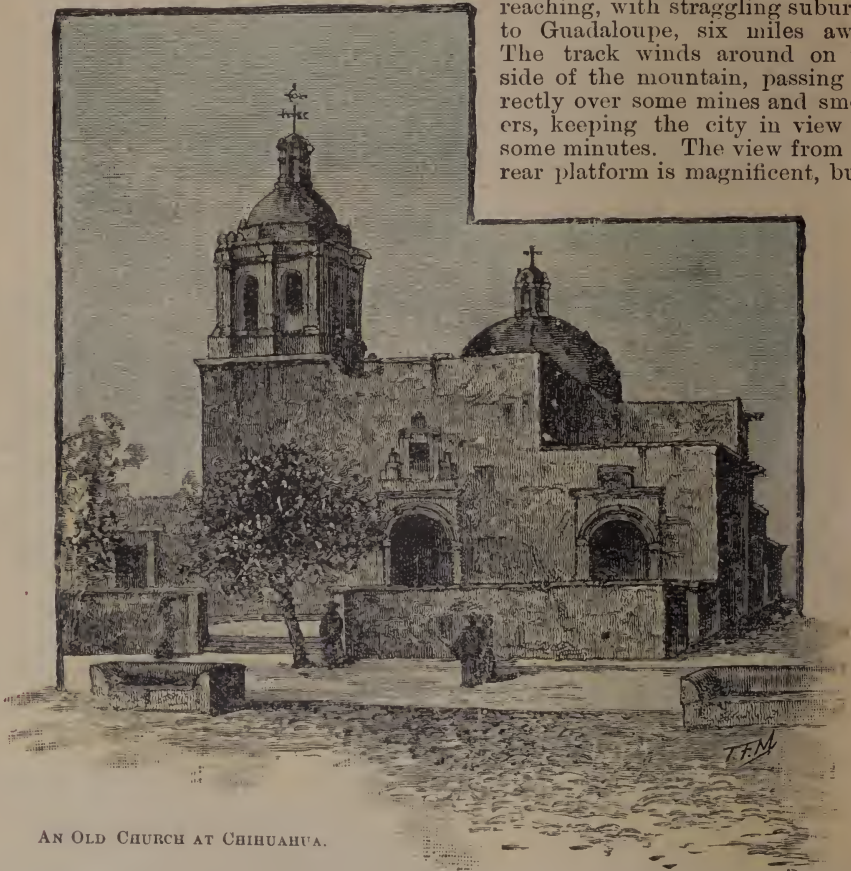


A STREET IN CHIHUAHUA.

high hill, whose top is more than 8,000 feet above the sea, which stands in the way. The tall tower-like chimneys of a smelter, high up above the track, are seen first on one side and then on the other, as the road bends in one horseshoe curve after another. This marks the approach to Zacatecas, one of the greatest cities in all Mexico. The train comes to a stop ; there is no sign of a city even at the station ;

but when it leaves, take a seat on the left side for the grandest view of the journey. The moment the station is passed there is a full view of a city of 75,000 people, looking for all the world like one of ancient Palestine, lying, with its low flat-topped houses and domed churches, a hundred feet below, and spreading up

and down the gulch and hillside, reaching, with straggling suburbs, to Guadalupe, six miles away. The track winds around on the side of the mountain, passing directly over some mines and smelters, keeping the city in view for some minutes. The view from the rear platform is magnificent, but a



AN OLD CHURCH AT CHIHUAHUA.

seat on the left side is a good one. Up and down the road, between the two towns, are curiously costumed people; droves of donkeys laden with silver, carts and cars, goats and cattle on the hillside, and a hundred things to see not seen anywhere else in the world. Zacatecas is not out of sight till Guadalupe comes to view on the same side, and a long street connects the two, on which there is a horse-car line. The cars are pulled from Guadalupe to Zacatecas, but the return trip is made without their aid. As the train moves along a look ahead will show the town of Guadalupe, with its splendid church; looking back, the city of Zacatecas lies under the shadow of the *Cerro de la Bufa*—an immense buffalo, cut in stone by sculptor Nature, lying

on the mountain's crest, keeps guard over the City of Silver. Far beyond Guadalupe is a lake—Lake Pevernaldillo—with some pottery kilns on the shores.

The country now is more agricultural than mining, and there are some fertile districts in all the valleys down to Aguas Calientes, which being interpreted, means "hot waters." The scene here is totally unlike any other in all Mexico. The town is on a level plane, 6,179 feet above sea level, and is shaded with luxuriant trees along the roads and streams. The city is on the right. Another eating-house is located here, and a good one; but there is so much to interest that there is hardly time to eat. Walk out to the end of the station platform. There is a picture you never saw before.

A swiftly running stream of hot water crosses the track. Look up the shaded road. Along that stream is one vast laundry, where a hundred washerwomen are on their knees on the ground, and every bush and tree is covered with the many colored garments hung out to dry. On the other side is the city. Horse-cars are waiting



GUADALAJARA.

for their passengers. There are some fine baths near the station, which may be seen while the train waits. But the tourist *must* make a stop at Aguas Calientes and at Zacatecas. Other pages of this book tell of the attractions there.

From Aguas Calientes a division of the Mexican Central Railroad extends to San Luis Potosi and to the Gulf of Mexico at Tampico. The City of San Luis is one full of attractions and of great wealth, situated in the midst of a high and fertile agricultural region—in the midst of a plain that is one vast garden of tropical fruits and vegetables, and it is not a matter of special wonder that there is good living at San Luis Potosi, and as a result of good markets there are good hotels.

San Luis Potosi is the capital of the state of that name, a state rich in mineral resources, and as far back as history goes there is mention of the silver mines that are there, and that of San Pedro is said to have produced the largest piece of gold ever found in Mexico, which was sent to the King of Spain, who presented the great clock in the façade of the church.

San Luis is a fine city, with a fine plaza, and alameda. The streets are regularly laid out and run at right angles and are kept scrupulously clean, and a city ordinance requires that house-owners shall paint and renovate their houses at certain intervals. The climate is delightful, and now that San Luis has become such a railroad centre, it is regarded as a rival of the City of Mexico itself. Always a great commercial and manufacturing point, the completion of the Central's line to tide water at Tampico will greatly enhance the city's importance, and it will become a distributing point for a large section, and the products of Central Mexico will find a shorter route to market by way of Tampico.

The people of San Luis are a pleasure-loving, hospitable people. The military band plays in the alameda three times a week, and balls and fêtes to which Americans are invited are of frequent occurrence. The road to Tampico will be finished for the season of 1890-91.

Back on the main line again and still running through a fine country, the train comes to the next important city of Lagos, where there is a population of 40,000 people, and large manufacturing interests. The city is on the west side of the track, reached by horse-cars or in hacks. The city is a pretty one, and is worthy of a day's visit, as also is Leon, a place with 100,000 inhabitants, and one of the greatest manufacturing towns in the republic.

Leon lies in the midst of a vast plain where there are fertile farms and rich grazing lands hedged by gigantic cactus—the tree or organ cactus, so called on account of its resemblance to the pipes of an organ, and which is a feature in every picture of Mexico. The streets of Leon are narrow, running at right angles, and in every block and square are workshops of the thousands and thousands of makers of leathern goods—shoes, saddles and everything in that line. "There is nothing like leather," at Leon. There is a pretty plaza, some fine buildings and interesting markets. Lagos is on the right and Leon on the left of the track.

Silao has an excellent restaurant in the station; no better meal is served at any railroad station in Mexico, or out of it. Here is the junction for Guanajuato, where there are mines that have produced more silver than all the others in the combined world; and there are 100,000 people there now, all engaged in some way about the mines. A stop must be made at Silao, and a visit to Guanajuato, only six miles distant by rail to the eastward from the main line. Nineteen miles further to Irapuato, where connection is made for Guadalajara, famed for its pottery, and one of the oldest, quaintest and most interesting cities in the republic, or in the world. An excursion to Guadalajara is absolutely necessary to make a complete tour of Mexico. About this time, as the farmer's almanac says, lay in your winter strawberries.

Salamanca is the next place of interest and importance, and then Celaya, where this line crosses the Mexican National Railroad. The country is still, for the most part, a fertile agricultural region, and enjoys a most delightful climate. Although



QUERÉTARO, AND THE PLACE OF EXECUTION OF MAXIMILIAN, MIRAMON AND MEJIA.

under a tropic sun, the altitude is such—about 5,000 feet—that spring weather is the rule, and strawberries are on sale all the year round, brought to the cars in boxes where the bottom is as high as in those of New York ; but the price is lower and the berries finer than in most of our markets. Another product of the country is brought to the cars—*pulque*. Sometimes it is fresh and good, but it is advised not to render a verdict on the national beverage till it is drank on the plains of Apam.

Querétaro, capital of Querétaro, is the city where Maximilian made his last fight. Here he surrendered, here he was tried and executed, with his Generals Miramon and Mejia. From the windows on the left may be seen three little white stone shafts on the hillside just north of the city ; these mark the spot where the unfortunate men were shot. Querétaro is the headquarters for opals. They are found in great quantities round about. The common ones are offered for sale by the natives at the cars. It is not advised to buy extensively, but it is advised to pay the exact charge, as the venders have the same habit as the American newsboy in being tardy in bringing back the change ; often he does not return till the train is well on to Mexico. It is better to stop at Querétaro anyhow ; there is much to interest and there are good hotels. After leaving the station the train passes through the Hercules factory village, where there is a beautiful grove of tropical trees in full leaf, flower and fruit, with oranges, lemons and bananas ; and then comes to one of the sights of the ride—the great stone aqueduct which supplies water to the mills and the city. The massive stone arches are wonderful in their construction, and of great height. The highest is 94 feet above the ground. The train passes directly under the aqueduct. It may be seen from either side of the cars ; the first view is on the left.

You have been looking for palm trees, eh ? See the first one at Querétaro.

San Juan del Rio, at an elevation of 6,245 feet, is the last city on the line. It has a population of 20,000 people. The scenery grows grandly beautiful. There are grand mountains, with lovely valleys in between, dotted here and there with haciendas and villages. Now comes to the plain of Cazadero. Crossing it, the road climbs the mountains which shut in the nation's capital, reaching the top of the grade at Marquez and the highest elevation on the line, 8,132 feet above the sea ; then starts down hill to the Tula Valley, where the scenery is more tropical and the towns and villages are more of the Toltec order.

No matter how early in the morning, or at night, if there be a moon, the tourist must be on the *qui vive* for a view of the Tajo de Nochistongo—the great drainage cut, commenced in 1607 with a purpose to drain the lakes on the plains of Mexico and prevent the inundation of the city. It was abandoned a few years later, but has been talked of ever since ; and now a tunnel is projected at a cost of \$8,000,000. The cars pass along the top of the cut on the left bank, consequently the view is from the windows on the right side. As soon as the cut is passed let every window on the left side be occupied. At Huehuetoca the first view of the snow mountains is to be had ; the volcanoes of Ixtaccihuatl and Popocatepetl, and the plain of Mexico ; and in an hour a journey full of pleasure and crowded with novelty ends at Buena Vista station of the Mexican Central Railway.

NORTH OVER THE MEXICAN CENTRAL.

IF your arrival over the Mexican Central has been at night, and you would see those parts of the road in daylight which were passed at night on the trip southward, a trip on the north-bound day train leaving the Capital will amply repay in scenic interest and varied views of Mexican life, curious cities and towns.

The first hour of travel northward shows the plain and City of Mexico, and the surrounding hills, the snow-capped volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl rising high up against the sky—seen last from Huehuetoca at the entrance of the Tajo de Nochistongo, the great canal cut with a purpose to drain the waters of the lakes around it and save the City of Mexico from inundation; but now, 280 years after the work was commenced, it is unfinished and abandoned. No better view of the great work can be obtained than from the trains of the Mexican Central Railway, from the windows on the left side of a north-bound train.

Tula, fifty miles from the city, is the object of a most pleasant day excursion. Leaving on the morning train and returning in the evening allows seven or eight hours at one of the oldest towns in Mexico, once a great city, but now containing only about 2,000 people. According to the native historian Clavigero, Tula was a city of the Toltecs more than a thousand years ago, who were followed by the Chichimecs four hundred years later, and still later by the Mexicans, whose chief city was Tula until about the year 1325, when the City of Mexico became the capital. Undoubtedly Tula has the age on many other towns of Mexico, as may be proven by the relics of bygone centuries that are to be seen in and around the city. The ruins of the old Toltec town are especial objects of interest, the visit to which will occupy some hours. In the plaza of Tula and in the churches are some broken columns and statues of great size, and some graven stones whose ages antedate even the Toltecs. The church of San José was dedicated over 325 years ago, and is a massive fort-like structure, so built, with thick walls, to afford protection against attack from the Indians in the early days.

The ride down from Tula is across the plain of Cazadero, and the next point of interest is Querétaro. Approaching from the south the train passes under one of the arches of the great aqueduct which furnishes the city's water supply, and through a suburb of the city, with its orange trees, limes and bananas and tropical flowers, close to the great Hercules cotton mills. Horse-cars from the station pass by the alameda, a very pretty park planted with palms and other tropical trees.

The opal is considered an unlucky stone, in which case good luck could not abide at Querétaro, on account of the abundance of opals found in the region round about—opals of all sizes, shapes and colors, good, bad and indifferent, but all worth just as much as the vender can get or the purchaser will stand—they are on sale everywhere, in the stores, at the hotel, on the street and the railway station. You may talk about the weather, politics or the prosperity of the country, but the talk will wind up on opals. A representative best citizen may welcome you to the city and discourse of its beauty, health and climate; but in an unguarded moment may spring an opal on you. The unsuspecting traveler alights from the train unconscious of opals, but ere he reaches the alameda his suspicions are aroused, and every man, woman and child is viewed with alarm lest opals be thrust upon one whether or no. But there is much else at Querétaro besides opals, and much that was, that is not now.

The unfortunate Emperor Maximilian made his last stand at Querétaro, was captured, tried and executed. In a room of the legislative building are kept the coffin in which Maximilian was brought from the field, the wooden stools on which Miramon and Mejia sat during the trial. The emperor, being ill, did not attend, but was confined in a cell in the convent of the Capuchins. The table on which the death warrant was signed is preserved. Just west of the city, in a stony field, was the place of execution, now marked by three little



GUADALAJARA.

white shafts inclosed by an iron railing, which can be seen from the cars, looking from the right-hand windows after leaving the station going north.

Celaya, in the beautiful valley of Laja, is the next point of interest and is the crossing of the Mexican National Railroad. The city is to be seen on the west side of the track, the high church towers standing up against the background made by blue hills. The chronicler says that Celaya was founded by sixteen married men and their wives and seventeen young bachelors. Just why their numbers or conditions attended the founding, does not appear. Celaya is noted for its *dulces* as Querétaro is for

opals, and are as assiduously offered by the native manufacturer and vender to the visiting tourist. *Dulces*, if not explained before, are sweetmeats, confections of native make.

The sixteen married men and seventeen bachelors commenced to build churches early, and when in after years they were completed they were pronounced the finest in the land, and they have, indeed, great claims that way, both as to architecture, interior decoration and paintings. Especially is this true of the churches of Our Lady of Carmen and San Francisco, which alone are worthy of a stop over at Celaya.

At any station in this latitude the traveler may expect to have strawberries thrust at his window, whether he passes by in December or May. The finest strawberries are offered at Irapuato, and, as stated, the Mexican exhibits an evidence of the highest civilization in locating the



GUADALAJARA.

bottom of the strawberry boxes so near the top. Passing Salamanca, a place noted for its manufactures and white pottery clay or kaolin, the train comes to Irapuato, a place of little importance in itself, but the point of junction of a branch line of the

Mexican Central for Guadalajara, a noted city of the republic, hitherto unvisited on account of its inaccessibility ; but since the completion of the extension in May, 1888, the old town has had daily communication with the outside world, and the tourist may now see for himself the glories of an ancient city that have come to him before second hand.

Irapuato ! Change cars for Guadalajara ! is the cry of the trainman now, only he don't say it exactly that way, that's what he means, and perhaps the cry of the Mexican trainman may seem to the American traveler as intelligible as those he hears on the home roads. The road runs through a rich agricultural country, where large crops of wheat and corn are raised. The line is rich in scenic beauty, as all roads in Mexico are, and the journey may be one of pleasure, no matter whatever other object it may have. The first station of importance is Pénjamo, 49 kilometres from Irapuato, near which is the town of the same name, with a population of nearly 8,000, and a very interesting old place, with narrow, crooked streets and quaint houses. The town is about three miles from the station.

About two miles from the station La Piedad is the city of Piedad Cabadas, known in ancient and modern history by several other names, but now answering to the one written here. Piedad has a population of over 10,000 people. About 150 kilometres from Irapuato the road comes to the valley of the Lerma, sometimes called the Rio Grande, and is the Mississippi of Mexico, the longest river in the republic. The river empties into Lake Chapala at the eastern end, and twenty miles further, on the northeastern shore, another river flows *out* of the lake, called by some the same river, Lerma or Rio Grande. Certainly one is the inlet of the waters and the same one the outlet, the one river seemingly crossing the lake. The river is not navigable. On the contrary it abounds in rapids and cascades—one, quite large and very beautiful, is only 16 miles from Guadalajara.

The road comes nearest to the river and lake at La Barca, a city of 10,000 inhabitants, located at the junction of the Lerma and Lake Chapala. From La Barca the steamer *Libertad* makes voyages around Lake Chapala, making landings on both sides and returning again to the starting point, covering a distance both ways of about 70 miles. The voyage is one of many delights, the scenery is exceptionally beautiful—high mountains and fertile plains, and valleys with fields and groves of tropical fruits and plants. Sometimes, when an east wind prevails, the high wind and waves loosen the vegetation growing in the shallow water of the delta where the Lerma comes in, and scores of floating islands are met with in the voyage. As the lake is about 80 miles long and 16 wide, sometimes great storms prevail and the waves run high.

The steamer *Libertad* is a new boat, built since the completion of the railway. Her predecessor, whose machinery was brought from California and packed piece by piece on burros from San Blas on the Pacific coast, has been retired, and her old boiler lies on the beach a rusty monument to American pluck and energy. It is not recorded that any other people have carried steamboats over mountains by mule power.

The town of Chapala on the north shore of the lake is picturesquely located under the towering cliffs of the mountain. The place has long been a health resort on account of the very hot springs that are there, which have a great local reputation. The waters, clear as crystal, gush from the rocks in the side of the mountain. The tourist may procure horses at Chapala and ride across the mountains to the railroad at Antequiza, or return by boat to La Barca.

Continuing the rail journey toward Guadalajara the track crosses the Lerma again at Ocotlan, where there is a glimpse of the lake from the windows on the left side.

The first view of Guadalajara may be had from the right-hand side of the train,



GOING TO MARKET.

looking forward. It is a city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the State of Jalisco. A very beautiful and very interesting city, where some days may be pleasantly spent. The city has for centuries been noted for its fine pottery, ornamental and glazed in the most beautiful and fantastic designs, and is the chief industry of a large class at the present day. Manufacturing in almost every branch is carried on, as this has for centuries been a great commercial centre and distributing point for a large territory. There are four lines of horse-railways leading to the different suburbs, each one offering something of interest to the tourist.

The city is beautifully laid out; the streets run at right angles and for many blocks the walk-ways are under the stone *portales*. There are 14 *portales*, 20 plazas, 14 bridges, 5 theatres, 25 baths, 23 restaurants and 28 hotels of all classes; among the latter there is one kept by a German, which has a lovely patio filled with beautiful plants and flowers, onto which all the rooms open, and if you wish, meals are served on the gallery in front of your door. It is a German garden in the heart of Mexico. There are no finer public buildings anywhere in Mexico than in Guadalajara. Among these are the Cathedral, the Governor's palace and the Degollado theatre, all magnificent specimens of the Mexican style of architecture, and of such proportions that such piles are totally unexpected in this far-away region so long without communication with the outside world.

Through the eastern part of the city runs the San Juan de Dios, and along that stream is the Paseo from the alameda to the southern boundary of the city. The *Alameda*, *Plaza de Armas*, *Jardin Botanico*, *Parque Alcade* and *Calzada de San Pedro* are all pretty parks or gardens where there are music and flowers—places of great resort in the evening, Sundays and feast days.

Speaking of gardens, the Hospital of Guadalajara contains twenty-three patios, and each has its flowers, plants and fountains.

What with the markets, streets, people, scenery, this description might go on to fill a book; but the space here is limited, and we must go back to the main line of the Mexican Central and see what there is at Silao and Guanajuato. To do this, return must be made to Irapuato.

The tall, slender spire of the church of Santiago is seen from the windows on the right of a train going north, and a few moments later the train stops at the station for Silao, where there is a restaurant kept by an American, a railway eating-house that would rank above the average even in the United States. A bountiful supply of good food is served at all times. The city of Silao, distant about a mile from the station, has a population of 16,000 people. There is sufficient interest for a visit; there are good drives around the city, some fine mineral springs, and the usual Mexican life and novelty. From Silao there is a branch road to Guanajuato, or rather to Marfil, and thence by horse-cars to a great silver city.

The road from Silao winds around among the hills, where there are some pretty fields, passing adobe villages, and coming to Marfil, where there is a change to horse-cars which go at a gallop up the barranca, passing some of the greatest silver mines of the world and the haciendas where the reduction works are. The street, or road, along which the cars pass, is crowded with people going to and fro, and with burros loaded with silver ore. The peculiar houses on either side make the trip most picturesque. The hills rise up high and steep on both sides, and wherever there is a place big enough, or niche can be cut in the rocks, a house is built there, the getting up or down being a secondary consideration; and how the feat is accomplished by any animal short of a goat, or by any other means than a hook and ladder outfit, I am unable to determine. The homes of these cliff-dwellers dot the hills on both sides of the barranca and around the city.

After three miles of this Moorish street, the cars stop at the prettiest little plaza,

adorned with flowers and tropical plants. Here are the hotels and the centre of the city. The cars go on up the narrow, crooked street, and the ride is full of interest. Ride up and walk down, and what you will see will make some novel additions to your note book. The end of the track is opposite a lovely little park at the head of the ravine. This is the alameda, and above it is the reservoir of the city's water supply. Water is also stored in the ravine by strong dams of stone. Here are some of the prettiest residences in Mexico, perched on the mountain-side as they are, with a towering cliff at the back door and miniature lakes at the front, with gallery and casement hung with brightest flowers. There is no such street of such houses even in Mexico.

Looking across a reservoir of clear water was a little low house of Pompeian colors with casemated windows covered with flowering vines. The gable toward the water had an old wheel window, around which the vines had climbed. On a wall stood a peacock with feathers outspread 'gainst a light background, whilst the other birds sat quietly as if posing for a picture. Some ducks swam lazily in the water of the foreground. A bridge across the water was shaded by trees of japonica, and another tree had some bright yellow flowers through all its branches—and this picture was doubled by a reflection in the water.

An enthusiastic lady writes thus of Guanajuato :

"Quaintest spot and most delightful under the sun ! The little city of Guanajuato—may its name be written in letters of gold—has succeeded in charming away the few remaining senses which this enchanting Mexico has left us. A city among the mountains, a fortified place set upon the side of heights so steep that the houses seem to be fastened to the rock rather than resting upon it, and a misstep on the dizzy uppermost level of the narrow, steep streets would precipitate the unlucky one into the midst of some plaza three or four hundred feet below. A lovely, bewildering spot, full of lanes and archways and winding, twisted market-places, with a crowd of picturesque people selling every oddity under the sun and a screen of matting; with a crossing and interlacing of narrow paved ways which give at every ten steps the effect of a kaleidoscope with a vista of infinite beauty and novelty at each turning.

"The upper balconies of the many really beautiful houses were gay with bright awnings and marvelous flowers; the old Church of the Jesuits was magnificent in fine arches of soft, pink stone and wonderful carvings, fine as strips of lace work; the overhanging hills toppled against the deep blue sky wherever one turned, and through a hundred



STUDY OF A WATER CARRIER.

different arches some vision of softly frescoed, slender pillared inner courts, bright with blossoms and fresh with greenery, flashed out, no matter how swiftly one passed.

"While we were in the plaza a beautiful flight of birds, a thousand swift-winged atoms with a dash of warm red on the dark breasts, wheeled and dipped and rose through the clear air with a rhythm of motion that set the scene to music, and so I desire to remember it. And into this ravishing spot we were whirled without any more warning than the corners of a few sharp mountain spurs could give us."

The Alhondiga, now a prison, but once the Board of Trade building, was captured by Hidalgo during the war for independence. Later on, his head was brought here after his execution at Chihuahua, and exposed on a spike in the wall which (the spike) is still shown. Still later a bronze statue was erected to his memory in front of the building.

There are many other fine buildings in Guanajuato, among which is a magnificent theatre larger than any in New York, built of a beautiful green stone found in the neighborhood. The churches are very fine—one, that of *Compañia*, cost nearly a quarter of a million of dollars, of which nearly half went for blasting a space in the hillside for it to rest on.

The Mint is especially worthy of a visit. The manner of coining is the same as in the mints of our country. It is the operatives that are interesting. An old and wrinkled Indian, whose hair is silvered as the metal he works in, has handled the ladle for forty years. He opens the door of the fiery furnace and dips his ladle in the molten metal, not a drop too much or an ounce too little to fill the mould; and his record for the time shows not a day of absence. Two younger Indians are expert at detecting imperfect coins by the sense of touch. They sit on low stools with a pile of coins on each side, without looking, and with a single grasp gather twenty silver pieces—always twenty, never a dollar more or less. Then sliding the coins from one hand to the other, the slightest scratch or defect is detected, and the imperfect coin is thrown to one side to go through the mill again. It is on record that no coin handled by these two Indians has ever issued from the mint with an imperfection however slight. The weighing and counting is done with the same degree of accuracy, the system reaching absolute perfection. Dolores, near Guanajuato, was the scene of the commencement of the revolution for the independence of Mexico, also the birthplace of Hidalgo, the patriot priest.

Before the train leaves the station at Marfil buy an ice from the Indian venders of *helados*, a sort of ice-cream put up in tin tubes about two inches in diameter and three inches long, frozen hard and very nicely flavored. The cry "*E-low*" is a corruption of the word *helado*, meaning frozen.

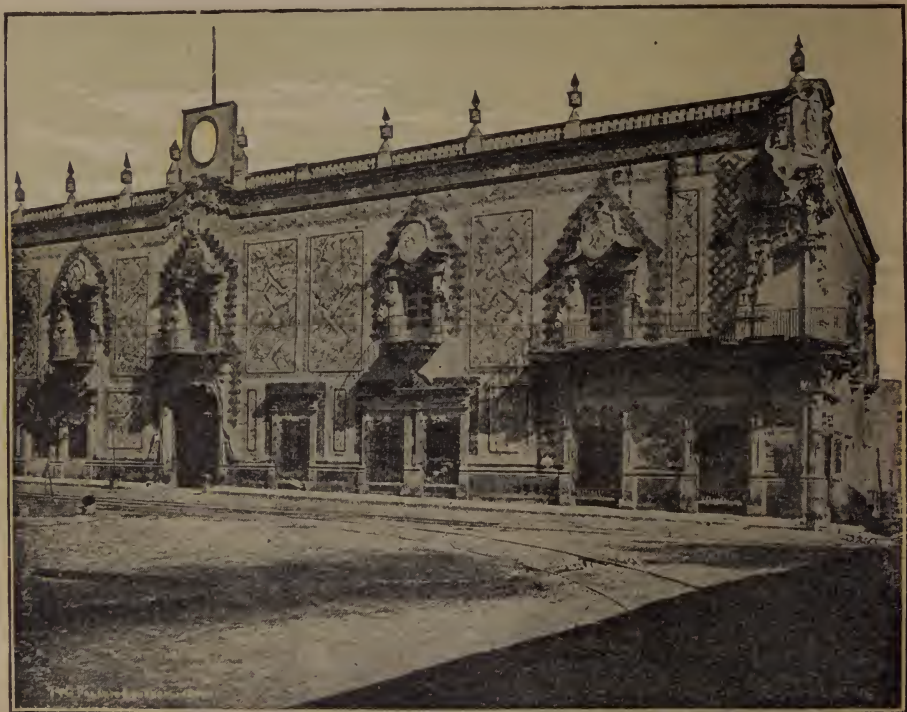
Back on the main line again, a ride over a fertile plain brings to the great manufacturing city of Leon, where there are 100,000 people engaged in manufactures mostly in leather and leather goods. There is enough of interest at Leon for a stop over one train at least, and at Lagos there should be another stop.

The country northward is mixed, fertile and otherwise, with a varied scenery. At or near Encarnacion, see on the left side the town of that name, with its churches and towers. On the other side is the river Encarnacion, with an irrigation reservoir near the track. A high and very fine iron bridge spans the river just north of the station. This pleasant excursion must have another break at Aguas Calientes, the capital of the State of that name, having a population of 35,000 people. In translating, *aguas calientes* means hot waters, and the name is well chosen. Hot springs are numerous, and a superabundance of hot water runs through the town, converting the streets where they flow into one vast laundry. Here the Indian population come to do their washing.



TAJO DE NOCHISTONGO.

Babies are brought along tied with a string, and allowed to paddle in the warm waters. Evidences of the uses of the hot water are seen everywhere. In the horse-cars ladies with their hair down the back, hung out to dry as it were, are returning from the bath, and men with towels on their arms walk and ride to the baths. The



HOTEL AT AGUAS CALIENTES.

ditch which crosses the track at the station extends to the pools and baths a half mile away on the east side. On each side the women are washing their clothes or down in the ditch bathing themselves and children. I saw one old man waiting for his wife to finish her bath; he, like Mark Twain and the Sandwich Island surf bathing girls, sat down to watch the clothes till the wearer came out. A little further on I saw an indigent American, who had asked me for a *llaco* in the market, arranging for a change of linen by playing the part of his own washerwoman. At the head of the ditch where the hot waters issue from the ground are more pools, washerwomen and bathers, and some stone bath houses, very primitive but very clean, with great pools of hot, clear water, where you can bathe in the open air in January, bathe under green trees and hear the birds sing as if it was summer. The water is deliciously warm and the baths most healthful. An old Indian gives you clean towels, soap (a new cake), indicates your pool and leaves you to take care of yourself.

Aguas Calientes is noted for its pretty plazas and parks, of which there are several, one in the centre of the city. Another, a few squares west, is a most lovely

garden with a fountain absolutely surrounded with roses and a thousand ever-blooming flowers known only to the tropics ; and still another park further out, reached by horse-cars, as beautiful as the others, to which also there is a fine drive ; but in the town not many vehicles to hire that would make the use of the drive anyways pleasant.

The plaza at night is one of dazzling brilliancy. A military band of sixty or seventy pieces, on a magnificent stand, in a perfect bower of tropical plants and lighted by hanging lamps of great beauty, discourses sweet music while the "upper ten" promenade in two endless processions, in adverse directions, around the walks under the trees—Spanish lace and the *reboso* mingling, while the brigand-looking Mexican sits muffled to the eyes in red *zerape*, as if a Bismarck blizzard was blowing instead of balmy breezes amongst fragrant flowers.

Dark-eyed señoritas watched by sober señoras smoking cigarettes, crowd the seats,



BRIDGE AND RESERVOIR AT ENCARNACION.

stealing glances at the passing parade. Beauty is out in full force, and the duenna is there for its protection. The procession lasts from 8 to 10 ; then the band plays the "Danza" (a Mexican band always plays the "Danza" for a finale), "*buenos noches*" are spoken, the last stolen glance enjoyed, and perhaps a hurried word if the duenna is not looking that way, and all is over till the band plays again, which it does two or three times in a week.

The market of Aguas Calientes is interesting. On four sides are heavy columned *portales* inclosing an open space, where the hucksters sit on the ground surrounded by their wares, vegetables in little piles, in day time under a plaited mat held by three poles to shelter from the sun; at night little fires furnish each with light sufficient for traffic. In the pottery market will be found many novelties, offered for sale in the same style. Opposite one of the markets is a church, whose lofty door is almost hidden by luxuriant palms, bananas, with an undergrowth of roses.

There are good hotels at Aguas Calientes, and there is every reason why a stay in the city should be a pleasant one.

The country north of Aguas Calientes is rich in farms, towns and cities; some fine haciendas with expensive aqueducts for irrigating purposes. Some curious shaped mountains stretching to the east just after leaving the station are in view for many miles. Passing over a table land of fertile fields, far over to the east can be seen the waters of a lake. In Mexico it is not always a lake that is seen in the distance, seeming to the weary horseman to be of cooling waters, but a cruel delusion, a phantom lake that gets farther away as he approaches. Down the slope to the right of the track is the city of Guadalupe, the fine church easily distinguished by its tower and domes. Now the track winds around another hill and Zacatecas comes in view, and runs over a very bed of silver, some of the mines being directly under the track, and others on the hill above it. Look across the barranca to the road and horse-railway track between the two cities. See the great haciendas and reduction works. There is no such scene of life and animation anywhere in one view. One sees fewer wheels than donkeys. Burros are cheaper than wheels; burros never get tired and wheels have to be; and iron for tires is scarcer than silver; and the donkey goes without shoes and eats little, gets up early and stays out late. Hence the patient little beast is preferred to wheels.

On the high hill on the other side are the cemeteries; but the round, white, tomb-like stones about on the hills do not mark the resting place of departed souls, but the boundaries of silver claims. The peculiarly shaped hill with the rocky crest is called the *Bufa* or Buffalo. The little church up there is Los Remedios, to which the pilgrims climb, in a manner in keeping with their digressions from the path of rectitude. If one has been very naughty, the proper caper is to crawl. This manner of doing penance is a little rough, particularly on this route, but it is indulged in by the native of the sensitive conscience. The rock where the church is located is flat on top, and once, during a revolution, a battle was fought there, and a five-pound cannon forced a surrender of the assaulting party in a few hours. The view from La Bufa is very fine, seven cities are within its scope, and numerous hills and valleys.

The view of Zacatecas from the cars, looking down on the flat-top houses, reminds one of the pictures and descriptions of the biblical cities, and is one not easily forgotten. When the train stops at the station, all sight of the city is lost behind an intervening hill. Horse-cars from the station need no propelling power for the first half of the journey, but a double team is required to get up through the streets to the hotels and plazas. As is usual in Mexico, there are great crowds at the stations at train-time; this is particularly so at Zacatecas, and often the military band is there to play for the passing tourist.

To look at the city from the cars it would not seem that there was a place for a plaza or alameda on such steep hillsides; but Zacatecas has both, and very pretty ones, with beautiful plants, flowers, and fountains—and in the midst the band plays in the evening and the people come out in their picturesque costumes to promenade and listen. In the business centre the place has quite an American look on account of the high buildings—some are three and four stories high. The State and

municipal palaces, the mint, the fine old churches are all worthy of the tourist's attention. The hotel Zacatecano is quite an imposing structure.

The pilgrimage to Guadalupe is one of the things to do—and it can be done comfortably and quickly. Horse-cars start from the plaza and run down the six miles by gravity. The mules which pull the cars from Guadalupe to Zacatecas leave their harness on the cars and walk leisurely down without a load. An American with me suggested that this was a waste of valuable mule time, and thought they should carry a load of freight. He was from Boston (the man was, not the mule), and disliked idleness in any shape, mule or man. I said nothing, only thought if the mule made no kick the Boston man ought not to.

At Guadalupe the cars stop right in front of the market, and the walk through it is interesting, besides being in the route to the church. Leave the market at the lower left-hand corner, the street there leads directly to the church.

In front of the church is a pretty park of roses, well kept. The grand old church with its tiled dome is worthy of all the journey to see. The main altar has life-size figures representing the Crucifixion. Behind there is a canvas painting representing the hill of Calvary, with the Jews and Roman soldiery in the middle background. These, with the figures in front, produce a very startling effect.

The church is filled with people kneeling at the various altars and confessionals at all times. On the right of the church is the old art gallery, filled with hundreds of curious paintings illustrating the lives and temptations of the saints—some of them going very much into detail. One fine picture of a giant and cherub, at the head of the staircase, is finely executed, and seems to be the work of a master hand.

The *Capilla*, or chapel, is a more recent addition to the old church, the gift of a maiden lady of great wealth, a few years ago, and cost many thousands of dollars. The floor is inlaid with hard woods of different colors. A superb altar is rich in gildings, silver and gold, wax figures, silk and satin hangings. The altar rail is of onyx and solid silver. The walls are finely frescoed, arched to a dome fifty feet above the floor. This is all new, but is the finest chapel in Mexico. The ride back to Zacatecas is not so rapid, but the mules work to the entire satisfaction of everybody, the Boston man included.

The mines may be visited by permit. Some are entered by shafts, others by tunnel. If you choose the former, the descent is by bucket let down by horse-power windlass. Ladies undertake the trip sometimes, but are not welcomed by the miners, as they are regarded as unlucky visitors. This rule does not apply to the proper sort of a girl, if a white horse works the windlass.

Calera, Lerdo, Torreon, Jiminez, Chihuahua, are all important cities on the Mexican Central Railroad, between Zacatecas and El Paso, which have had attention in another part of this book.

THE INTEROCEANIC RAILWAY

BY its charter and concessions will extend from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and the City of Mexico will be a way station. As now completed, what is called the Morelos road extends from the capital southward to Cuautla and Yauhtepec, and the Irolo road to the town of that name, with an eastern destination at Vera Cruz, going *via* Puebla and Jalapa; which places, formerly reached by branch roads, are now on the main line.

The road is under construction and rapidly pushing to completion its eastern terminus at Vera Cruz, on the Gulf of Mexico, and its western at Acapulco, on the Pacific. The Interoceanic will be of vast interest to the commerce of the world, as it will be the shortest route across the continent of the Americas, involving the shortest sea voyage, meaning, that the shorter railways at Tehuantepec and across the Isthmus of Panama necessitate longer sea voyages of thousands of miles in both oceans, which more than counterbalance the slight increase of distance on land as covered by the Interoceanic Railroad. The distance from Vera Cruz to Acapulco by the way of the City of Mexico is 1,030 kilometres or about 645 miles, but the completion of the road from Chietla to the main line on the western slope, say at Tepecoacuilco, would shorten the mileage from sea to sea to about 475 miles—a one day's run for a passenger train and little more than two for a freight, and, as I have said, saving of several days sail on the Atlantic or Gulf of Mexico and as much on the Pacific.

As a tourist route the Interoceanic R. R. has unbounded attractions, running as it does over the mountains, through the pulque plains and the hot country; it is the only line reaching the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, running on both sides of the range and in full view of them for miles and miles, coming to their base at Amecameca, one of the most thoroughly Mexican towns in all Mexico. Puebla, one of the oldest and most interesting cities of the country, is on the main line, hitherto reached only by change of cars to a branch road. Jalapa, the quaint, is also on the main line, and will be passed *en route* from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, an advantage that will be appreciated by those who have taken the seventy-mile horse-car ride. To visit either Puebla or Jalapa has heretofore taken the best part of two days in going and returning, but now the schedules of the Interoceanic will save all this time. For day excursions from the City of Mexico the new road offers more attractions than any other; one may go to Amecameca and the volcanoes and return same day, or to Puebla, passing the Plains of Apam, the pulque regions, or to Texcoco and the wonderful and luxurious gardens of Molino de Flores, and a score of other interesting points, the visiting of which will add to the interest of the tour.

The Morelos trains leave the City of Mexico from San Lazaro station, reached by horse-cars starting from the plaza in front of the Cathedral. Passing through the outskirts of the city, the artillery school and adobe targets are on the left. Then the road comes to the shores of Lake Texcoco, and for some miles runs along the old causeway, once the highway to Puebla, passing between two rows of trees standing so close to the track that they can be almost touched from the cars. The lake is on the left, and a marsh that in rainy season is also a lake, and at all times is literally alive with ducks and other water fowl. This marsh connects Lake Texcoco with Lakes Xochimilco and Chalco.

Los Reyes is the point of junction of the two sections (the Irolo and Morelos) of the Interoceanic road.

Ayotla is the town of fishermen of Lake Chalco, who bring the products of their catch to the trains for sale. The old adobe town is a very pretty one, on the shores of the lake to the right.

After passing Ayotla the road makes a turn around the lake, and the volcanoes



ON THE SACRED MOUNTAIN AT AMECAMECA.

come to view and are in sight through all the journey, seen first from the left windows, but as the track curves about are seen from either side.

La Compañía is a very pretty little village, where there is horse-car connection on the left for Tlalmanalco, and on the right along a shaded roadway to Chalco, a city on the border of that lake, whose towers and domes can be seen for some distance as the train moves southward. Next is the village of Cuatlanchan, on a hill on the left side; the church on the top of the hill is seen up and down the road for several miles.

Amecameca is the stopping place for the pilgrims bound for the craters of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl. The train rounds the hill and stops right at the base of Sacro Monte (the sacred mountain), one of the most picturesque shrines in all Mexico. Look from the windows on the right, or while the train waits step on the platform for a good view of the stone stairway, almost hidden by a dense grove of trees. The city lies spread out on a plain on the left of the track. Tourists who have no time for a longer stay, or do not continue to the end of the road, may leave Mexico on the morning train, have a few hours at Amecameca and return in the afternoon. The view from the Sacro Monte is superbly magnificent. No nearer view of the volcanoes

is obtainable unless the ascent is made, which requires three days' time and is attended with much discomfort; but the adventure of the ascent, and the seeing of the grandest view of the world from a height of nearly 18,000 feet, is worth any amount of fatigue. The first day of the ascent is taken by the ride on horseback from Amecameca to the *rancho* of the owner of the mountain and its sulphur industry, where the night is spent. The second day is used by the ride to the snow line and the walk to the crater, the going down by bucket and windlass into the crater, and the return to the *rancho*, where the second night is spent, and the descent to Amecameca and return to Mexico may be accomplished on the third day. Permission from the owner of the mountain should be obtained in Mexico City, where should also be obtained a plentiful supply for the wants of the inner man, and warm wraps, mittens, etc. The cost of the ascent is about twenty-five dollars each for a party, or more, if only one or two.

If the stay at Amecameca is only a few hours the *Sacro Monte* will take up the time. Here has been the scene of some weirdly novel religious ceremonies. There is in the shrine of the *Sacro Monte* an image of Christ in the sepulchre; it is life size, made of some very light material, so that its weight is not more than three or



NATIVE RESIDENCE IN THE HOT COUNTRY.

four pounds; the material must be as durable as it is light, since it is known to have been here more than three hundred and forty years, and tradition says longer. There is a great pilgrimage to the shrine during Lent. The commencement of the feast, not a fast, is on Ash Wednesday, when the image is carried in procession to the parish church, where it remains till Good Friday, and then, with greater pomp, is carried back to the shrine.

There is a good hotel at Amecameca, good wine, good beer, good pulque and a clever host.

Leaving the town the railway passes through one of the streets of the town and crosses the stone causeway which was built for the pilgrim processions, between the church and the shrine.

At Ozumba there is time for dinner, or rather breakfast, and an excellent meal is served. At a point a few miles south of the station the highest elevation of the road is reached, there having been a continuous climb from the plain of Mexico, and the down grade to the hot country is commenced, and without an engine the train would roll to Cuautla, would roll too fast, so the engine is retained to hold it in check.

From the station at Nepantla there is a magnificent view from the left windows, a view taking in millions of acres of the hot lands to the mountains, a hundred miles beyond. For miles and miles, as the train rolls down the hills, may be seen first from one side and then the other the dome and tower of a church. The same church may be seen for two hours; it is the church of San Miguel, at Atlatlalutla, and near it an abandoned monastery. Here again the tourist finds another feature of Mexico's scenery and people, totally different from all the other travels in the republic. The houses are adobe as to walls and thatched as to roof; the broad plains have curious trees; bands of Indians troop from one town to another in curious costumes, marching along totally oblivious to the passing locomotive and approaching civilization, and will not give way to the latter any quicker than they will to the engine if they happen to be on the track when it comes along. Fact, it is hard for them to understand that the train cannot "keep to the right" when it meets people in the road, and they claim the right of way from the fact that they were there first.

Now the sugar country is reached and the train passes through a fine hacienda and backs into Cuautla on a Y; passing and crossing an aqueduct, where the natives are seen bathing and washing clothes, comes to a station that was once a church.

The train stops some minutes at Cuautla and there is time for a walk through the little alameda, just outside of the station, where there are pretty trees and flowers, a hotel where there are good wines, coffee and lunches to be had.

As the approach to the station has been through a grove of tropical trees and gardens, so is its departure, and continues southward through the cane country to Yautepec; the distant mountains enrich the scene, making a blue background to a lovely tropical picture.

At Yautepec the American feels that he is indeed away from home. Once away from the railway station and out of sight of the locomotive there is nothing whatever to remind him of his own country or of an advanced stage of civilization. It is a picturesque little town on a rambling stream, whose rocky bed is almost dry except in the rainy season, when there is too much water as there was too little before, and it rushes along to the imminent danger of the town. The plaza and alameda are one; it is beautifully shaded and is filled with bright flowers; the fountain in the centre flows pure water and the people flock here with jars and jugs for their supply. In the evening there is music and the entire populace turns out to hear it. The sight is a novel one. The band is on the stand under the trees; the better class promenade the walks in never-ending procession, while others are seated on the stone benches or squat on the ground, the bright-hued *serapes* and *rebosos* giving high color to the scene; the market women sit upon the ground surrounded by their wares, little piles of beans, peppers, chili, etc.; the flickering rushlights only seem to show how quaint the picture is. On another side is a long table, about which are gathered old men and women, young men and maidens, children and babies, playing at a game of chance, the whole altogether the most novel scene of my travels.

In going to the hotel it will be necessary to have some one point out "*El Gran*

Central," otherwise the identity of that hotel would never be detected, neither would the hotel ever be accused of being a "Grand Central" anywhere but at Yauhtepec. It is not the building that is "grand central," but the welcome, from an old Indian woman with a wrinkled but kindly face. The clean beds, linen, etc., are all "grand central," and there can be no regrets for staying there. The *fonda* next door furnishes a good meal at reasonable prices.

After Yauhtepec, continue on to the terminus or turn back to the city by rail, or ride five hours on horseback through the sugar lands to Cuernavaca, where there are antiquities, some pretty gardens and caves; thence by diligence to the city, the route shows some fine scenery.

THE IROLO DIVISION

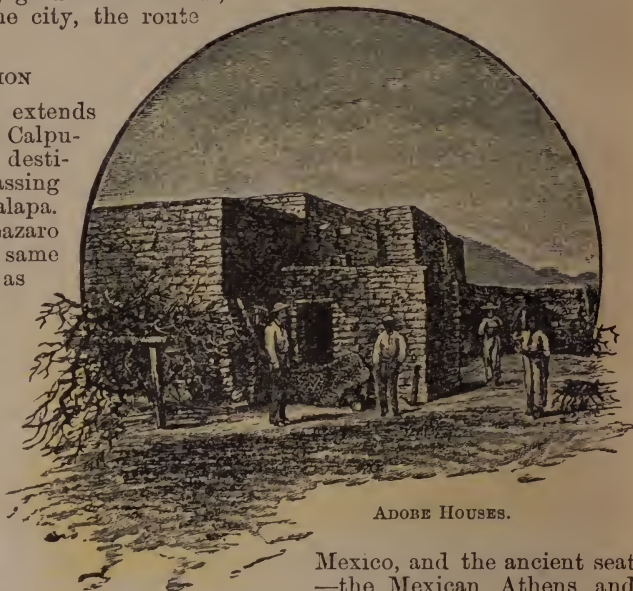
of the Interoceanic road extends from the City of Mexico to Calpulalpam, with an ultimate destination at Vera Cruz, passing through Puebla and Jalapa. Trains start from San Lazaro station and run over the same track as the Morelos trains as far as Los Reyes, where it turns eastward and passes the town of La Magdalena, seen from the left side of the cars, going on through a country of churches, some near, some far off, and comes to Chapingo, the gorgeous hacienda of Ex-President Gonzalez, on the left, and then to Texcoco, a city older than old of learning and civilization Rome combined, and the kings, as also of Cortes, and for a while the resting-place of his bones. There is much at Texcoco to interest the antiquarian tourist. Two miles and a half east of the town is Tetzcotzincó, "the laughing hill," once a favorite resort of Netzohualcoyotl, an ancient Aztec chief, where there are ruins of fountains, terraced walks, baths cut in stone. The water supply for the baths and gardens was brought from the hills, ten miles away, by a stone aqueduct, which has not altogether disappeared. See the gardens and the cascades of Molino de Flores, and the great idol, Xicaca, "goddess of waters." A nearly perfect figure, about twenty feet long by four across, and in a fair state of preservation, it lies prostrate near Cuatlanchan, about six miles from Texcoco.

I have been to Molino de Flores, the beautiful "mill of the flowers" and my memory serves me now for pretty dreams.

"Gracias, señor, con mucho gusto."

Thus I nearly exhausted my entire vocabulary of Spanish in accepting an invitation to join a party for a Sunday excursion around Lake Texcoco to Texcoco on the Irolo Railway and spend the day at Molino de Flores.

I had heard of Molino de Flores, and a guide book hint places it as the destination



ADOBÉ HOUSES.

Mexico, and the ancient seat—the Mexican Athens and home of a race of Indian

of a pleasant excursion, and the estate of an old Spanish family, by name Cervantes, one of the oldest, one of the noblest descendants from the Grandees of old Spain.

At nine-thirty the train pulled out from San Lazaro station and in an hour we were at Texcoco, where diligences awaited the party, and in half an hour the mules galloped over the leagues to Molino de Flores—the mill of flowers, as it is prosaically



A BUSY STREET.

translated. Let the American reader disabuse his mind of a flour mill, or anything of a barn-like structure with dusty sides and roof, and dustier interior that may be remembered of the mills at home. Heavy gates open through stone walls and admit the diligences to what seems the court-yard of a mediæval castle. Tortuous stone stairways lead to the castle, up the rugged sides of a hill to the summer-house of the family Cervantes. Our party alighted at the foot of the stairs, but not to ascend them; passed through another gate and around the mill, itself of stone, and seeming a part of the castle. That gate opened to a garden that might have been a part of Eden.

I crossed a bridge and walked along a swift running stream, on whose borders, on this December day, grew and bloomed calla lilies, violets and roses; tall acacias made a grateful shade, diverting the rays of almost a summer sun. An owl sat in the hollow of a tree as if to hoot at intruding mortals in this garden of the fairies, and hideous idols, from their pedestals, scowled in unison at the intrusion. Only the murmurs of splashing cascades and twittering birds broke the silence that fell. All words were lost in admiration. While I stood and wondered soft music came floating through the intertwining trees. The melody came, I did not know from where. It was an air of lordly Spain, where the softer notes of the guitar came

creeping through the ferns, a mellow tenor floated over the roses, and a deeper basso rolled on the violet beds. I lingered and listened till the last sweet note died away, and walked on, beside the noisy waters, and came to a grotto hollowed by Nature's hand, and shadowed by overhanging boughs, where flowering vines had climbed and from the rocks above some prickly cactus hung, as if to do guard duty against approach that way. A pool of clear, sparkling water was in the grotto's basin. Here might have been the home of some queen of the water nymphs, where, sporting with the maidens of her court, shut in by flowery screens and waving ferns, might bathe unseen. It might have been all this, but it is the Cervantes bath. I sat here under a bower of fuchsias; some great white bell-shaped flowers hung above me and filled the air with soft perfume. I sat and dreamed—unconsciously looking at the embowered grotto—really, I was not waiting to see if the water nymphs might come back. I was in no hurry. I just waited, that's all.

I walked on, and came to a turn in the path. Across the ravine I saw the family chapel. Some Moorish work around a cavern made the shrine. Two sides were Nature's own handiwork; human hands had only added a little belfry and the bells.

In the chapel lie the departed Cervantes, in tombs of solid stone, and in the un-hewn walls are tablets showing the family crest and dates of its history. Before the quaint little altar dimly burns a lamp that is never extinguished, throwing an uncertain light on the faded painting of the crucifixion on the rock behind it. I liked not these as well as the scenes in fairyland across the stream, and I turned to the bridge again. One more look: almost hidden, I saw the window that lights the cell of the hermit padre whose chapel this is.

Looking down the rocky ravine that lies between the church and the garden, the walls, that might serve a fortress well, and the cliffs, seemed one mass of creeping vines that lent much color to the picture, in pleasing contrast with the gray of the rocks below; and the white of the foaming waters seemed softened by a tinge of reflected color.

I had noticed the stairways that led from this path beside the stream, up the steep hillside, steps paved with pebbles. On the landings are letters in colored pebbles directing to some bower or other path. At the top I came to a level place where the greenest grass made the carpet, bordered in blue and white with violets and daisies. On a little mound a thatch-roofed pagoda is almost hidden by the roses. I wonder if in the long ago this was the trysting place of some Aztec Claude Melnotte. Perhaps under these very trees he and his doting Pauline sat and picked out the stars that should be their home. But could it be a brighter one than this?

While I pondered thus I was sent for. Dinner was ready. A table was set under the trees, all bright with snowy linen and glittering silver, and the bounteous banquet that was served made my return to earth not disappointing. I forgot the cascades and the birds. Clinking glasses and popping corks make a man forget much.

I found where the music came from. While we ate, a native orchestra discoursed the melodies of the country. I could catch glimpses of the white costumes of the players and the red *zerape* of the leader as the broad leaves that hid them swayed in the breeze. It was a merry party around that table—dark-eyed *señoritas*, beaming *señoras*, that must make the fairies envy if they came back to-day. Gallant *caballeros* attended, and no minute was lost if a duenna looked the other way. For hours the viands came to the board, were discussed and sent away, till the *dulces* sweetened and the *helados* cooled the appetite.

Now the tables were in the way, but not long: they disappeared and the banquet hall was turned to Terpsichore. Tripping feet kept time to livelier music, gleaming eyes looked up to eyes that spake again, and reflected the glittering silver on the under side of a broad sombrero.

The night after, I slept in the erstwhile palace of the Iturbides, and in my sleep visions of beautiful flowers lingered in my dreams. I sat under the trees again; my friends had all gone—the sweet odor of the bell-flowers came back to me. It seemed that I was back at the grotto, but before the water nymphs came, I awoke.

After leaving Texcoco the road runs very near and in sight of a great aqueduct, which is nearly 40 miles long and has arches nearly a hundred feet high, built three hundred years ago. Now the road passes between the mountains and the eastern shore of the lake and comes to Irolo, and enters the borders of the *pulque* region and connects there with trains for Pachuca, pending the completion of a branch line to



AN OLD BRIDGE.

that city, the capital of the State of Hidalgo and the centre of a rich mining district, probably among the richest in the world, the output being told in millions by the most fabulous figures. The Interoceanic has more points of interest to the tourist than any line leading out from the capital. As has been stated, the Morelos road leads down past the volcanoes, and the Irolo road, now the Eastern or Vera Cruz division, circles the lakes of the plain of Mexico, passes the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon, to be seen from the windows on the left, across the plain in the distance. The line now enters the plain of Apam, famous for the growth of the maguey plant—the American aloe—closely resembling and sometimes called the century plant, from which *pulque*, the national beverage, is made, as written of elsewhere.

At Calpulapam there is a branch road to Soledad. The road now runs along the eastern slope of the range of mountains of which the great volcanoes are the highest, and their snow-covered peaks may be seen for many miles. At Los Arcos another branch leaves the main line, and, running in a southwesterly direction, will

ultimately connect with the Morelos division and greatly shorten the distance across the continent.

After crossing the Atoyac the line comes to Puebla, on the main line and one of the greatest cities of Mexico, and there is much to see. The Cathedral, with its towers and domes of many-colored tiles and interior adornings of onyx and fine paintings, the various chapels which commemorate the miracles that are so plentiful in their legendary history, are to be visited—the Hall of Bishops and the old tapestries and portraits, then the plazas, portales and the paseos, all rich in attractions. But chief of all is the Pyramid of Cholula, reached by a horse-car ride of seven miles. The pyramid is over 200 feet in height. On its crest was once a temple dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, "God of the Air," but now there is a church on the spot. A paved road winds up the sides of the pyramid, and the view that grows as the climb is made is a grand one—far off the hills and volcanoes, a little nearer the spreading plains, at the base the village of Cholula, and the city of Puebla over there.

Leaving Puebla, the road traverses a rich agricultural country, crossing the Mexican Railroad at San Marcos, and at Vireyes there is a branch road to San Juan. Now running northeasterly, the line is finished to Perote, but before this edition is exhausted will reach Jalapa, or even Vera Cruz, ending a journey which offers a great variety of attraction from the snow-capped volcanoes to the cane and coffee trees of the *tierra caliente*.



LA VIGA GATE, CITY OF MEXICO.

THE MEXICAN RAILWAY.

THE name of the line does not indicate its route any more than those of any of the other railways of the Republic, all using some title of a national character rather than of destination or direction. The Mexican Railway leads from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, with a descending grade in 263 miles of from 7,349 feet above the sea at Buena Vista station, in the City of Mexico, to its level at Vera Cruz—not a continuous descending grade, but that is the difference in the altitude of the termini.

At one point on the line at Ococtlan the altitude reaches a height of more than 8,300 feet; the greater percentage of the descent is made in a distance of 20 miles, between Boca del Monte and Maltrata, and the scenery of this 20 miles is the chief object of the ride itself.

Trains leave the City of Mexico in the early morning and reach Vera Cruz just after dark, affording a daylight ride that will show the varied scenery of Mexico, from the volcanoes and high tablelands down to the hot country by the sea.

For the first hundred and fifty miles of the journey it will make no difference on which side of the car a seat is taken; but for the scenery down the mountain, from Boca del Monte to Maltrata, the seat must be on the right side, and for general results a seat on that side should be chosen. Leaving the City of Mexico, the road runs due north three miles, along side of the causeway to the village and church of Guadalupe—the holiest shrine in all Mexico. Along the causeway to be seen from the right-hand windows are shrines and archways dedicated to the saints, and here the devotees stopped to pray and processions marched by, from Mexico to Guadalupe; this passed, the village and church are to be seen from the other side of the cars. Still, on the right the view shows Lake Texcoco, the city, and the volcanoes of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, which are hardly out of sight all day. An hour after leaving the city look for the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon on the left of the track; a low line of earthwork causeway connects the two. Seen from the cars the pyramids do not appear very majestic, but in reality their proportions are quite ambitious, being 210 and 150 feet high respectively. An entrance to the pyramid of the Moon has been effected, the interior explored and some very interesting prehistoric relics discovered indicating their building by a race of people older than the Toltecs.

From a scenic point of view this journey will prove a success, but during the first hours of it one will carp at the dust and dirt. Let no traveler come to Mexico without a duster, and let him take it on the trip to Vera Cruz.

Fifty miles from the city are the plains of Apan, the great *pulque* district. For miles on either side, as far as the eye can reach, the long rows of maguey plants show where the national beverage comes from. The collecting of the crude *pulque* is novel and interesting. When the maguey or century plant is about to bloom it sends up a shoot fifteen or twenty feet high. When this shoot appears it is cut out and the sap that would go into this stalk and bloom collects in the centre of the plant. This is the crude *pulque*. Each day, until the life of the plant is exhausted, an Indian and a *burro*, with hog-skin bags on their backs, visit each plant. The Indian with a long-handled gourd, a small hole pierced in each end, draws the sap from the plant, empties it from the gourd to the hog-skin, and from the hog-skin to the cask on the cart at the end of the row. After a process of fermentation this sap becomes *pulque* and must be sent to market at once. *Pulque* will not keep. Knowing this,

perhaps, the Mexican, not liking to see a good thing wasted, proceeds to drink it energetically, and desists not till his last *tlaco* has vanished.

No matter whether you have experimented with *pulque* elsewhere or not—get a glass at Apam, or rather a mug—it is peddled at the station in earthen mugs, by Indians of all sizes, colors and conditions; but the *pulque* is good. *Mescal* and *tequila* are drinks of a stronger nature, like rum, both made from a species of the maguey.



IN THE COFFEE FIELD.

The *pulque* business is of such proportions that special trains are required to deliver it fresh in the shops of the city; the *pulque* trains leave the plain early in the morning and arrive in the city by four o'clock, so that the supply is fresh every day.

At Apizaco there is a branch line to Puebla, one of the oldest cities of Mexico, requiring a visit of some days. There is a good restaurant at the station at Apizaco; the train stops long enough for coffee, *pulque* or to buy a cane or sugar from the Pueblo Indians.

As an evidence of civilization, at least from the peddler point of view, he (the peddler) is assiduous in the effort to dispose of his wares as is his American brother who comes to the cars to ply his vocation, and is fully his equal in driving a bargain, and as unscrupulous as to the quality of the goods: the cane may or may not be of coffee wood—you buy at

your own risk. The *pulque* is good, as *pulque* goes. If you like it, I do, and fresh withal; the plains of Apam are near by; the baskets are pretty and handmade, presumably by Indian handmaidens. What more can you ask?

At Esperanza the train stops for breakfast; call it dinner if you will, as it has reached about one o'clock, and it is indeed worth waiting for; everything is good, and this above all railway eating-houses must not be missed.

Esperanza is a great shipping point for cereals, ores and other products of the country, brought here on burros to be forwarded on the cars; about the station the burros stand lazily waiting to unload or start on the return trip.

After a good meal take a seat on the right; prepare to see the finest piece of scenery and railway engineering in the country. The locomotive which has pulled

the train thus far is detached, and the monster Fairlie engine is placed in front of the train.

A Fairlie engine is in reality two locomotives in one—heading both ways, with two smoke-stacks, two head lights, one on each end of one long boiler, with the cab in the centre, over the fire-box; besides being so powerful that they can pull a train up the steep grades, they can hold the cars back while going down, and this latter is a principal duty, as they would run over an ordinary locomotive, as not heavy enough even with wheels working backward to resist the force of the rolling cars. Air and steam brakes are not trusted on this grade; there is a man at each brake wheel on each car. The train leaves Esperanza, and in a few minutes comes to *Boca del Monte*, where the down grade commences, at a height of 7,849 feet above the sea, and rolls to Maltrata, a point only 5,544 feet, making a descent of 2,305 feet, and taking sixteen miles of track to reach a point immediately below and in sight all the time; that little patch of tiled roofs and church with its dome of red, way down in the valley, is Maltrata. It must be a fair day when this journey is made, or the tourist will find his train above the clouds, and nothing can be seen. An idea may be formed of the windings of the road to get down the mountain when it is told that the Indians selling fruits and flowers at the little station about half-way down, will leave by the path down the cañon, and reach Maltrata before the train does, in time for another sale.



WATER WORKS.

The scenery is beyond all description, the trip must be made, and will never be regretted or forgotten.

From Maltrata the road follows the Rio Blanco through the valley of *La Joya*, the jewel, and comes to Orizaba, a city of 20,000 people, lying in a lovely valley, a town quaintly picturesque, and just on the border of the hot country, where a stop must be made. The hotels are good, and there is much to see; the old churches, the plaza, the alameda with its tropical flowers, the waterfalls in the neighborhood, and all the great natural beauty of the place and surrounding country. The machine shops of the railway company are located at Orizaba. On the left, overlooking the city, is the hill where a sharp battle was fought between the French and Mexicans, and the cross erected there is to the memory of the fallen soldiers.

Leaving Orizaba the scenery continues grandly beautiful. The track lies on the mountain side, winds in and out in sharp curves, through tunnels, over bridges and along ledges where the cañons are hundreds of feet deep, and coming to the Metlac gorge, crosses it on a curved bridge, which may be seen, and the track on the other

side of the gorge, for some minutes before, from the right-hand windows, and far below the track is a foaming torrent rushing down the *barranca* under the arches of an old stone bridge of the public highway.

There must not be a moment lost now ! Keep to the point of observation all the time—watch the mountain and the valley, see this cascade and that tumbling and roaring over the rocks, showing like liquid silver amongst the green of the shadowing trees.

Now the scenery is different entirely from all before traveled through. The



FOLKS ALL HOME.

adobe house gives place to those of thatched sides and roofs. The barren hills have melted away to orange groves and gardens of bananas with coffee trees almost brushing the car windows. There are green forests with trees and vines hanging with flowers ; great trees with yellow flowers, whose golden beauty would be worth thousands if they could be imported to some city of ours. Such scenes are on either side for some miles toward Vera Cruz.

At Cordoba may be bought the very finest fruits of all tropical varieties—oranges, lemons, pineapples, bananas, mangoes, fresh from the trees and plants, brought to the train by the cleanest, fattest, sleekest Indians imaginable, old men and women, young men and maidens, all with something to sell and a few to beg.

Cordoba seems to be the gateway of this route to the hot lands. The luscious fruits offered at the station and the light and

airy costumes of the natives indicate this. Here the tropic Mexican appears in all his picturesqueness as he is seen in pictures—wide of trouser and broad of straw sombrero, and brightly colored costume of woman's dress.

After Cordoba the road continues through a pretty section, crosses the Atoyac river and passes within sight of the cascade, a very pretty one with its tropical surroundings. Now the road passes through the cane fields, coffee plantations, orange groves, and gardens of mangoes, pineapples and bananas, and comes to Soledad, from whence the ride to Vera Cruz is unattractive ; but that city is an object of interest to every tourist and a stay of some days can be very pleasantly made, during

which a trip to *Jalapa* should be made over the Jalapa Railway, which is a branch of the Mexican Railway from Tejeria, a few miles from Vera Cruz, on the main line. The motive power is mules—four to each car, with relays every two hours. The distance is 70 miles, and the ascent from Vera Cruz to Jalapa is over 4,000 feet. The animals are driven at a rapid pace, so that the journey is made in a day and the return in the same time, or perhaps a little less, as the mules go at a gallop on the down trip. The route is along the old highway from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, and, about 36 miles from Vera Cruz, crosses the old National Bridge. The battle-field of Cerro Gordo, and a hacienda that once was General Santa Ana's, are objects of interest to be seen from the cars. Not a mile of the road but is rich in scenic beauty, and the ride is well worth the time. Arrival is at 4 P. M., and there is time for a walk through the old town before nightfall; but at least a day should be spent there, there is much to be seen in and around the town. The houses are built in the old Spanish style with barred windows and casements. The streets are irregular, running up and down the steep hillsides, with crooks and turns. If Mexico has seemed old it seems to have aged in Jalapa, or, all the rest of it is younger. The place is surpassingly clean; lying as it does on the hillsides of Macuiltpec, every rain washes them thoroughly. Back of the city is the white *Cofre de Perote*, resembling an immense chest or box, which gives name to the mountain. Jalapa is famed for its beautiful women, and the proverb "*Las Jalapeñas son hualquiñas*," truthfully applies. Bewitching, alluring are the women of Jalapa, is the meaning, but not its



LAS JALAPEÑAS SON HUALQUIÑAS.

literal translation. The truth of the saying can be vouched for by many a beauty-loving *Americano*, as well as the legend that the place is a part of heaven let down to earth. Horse-cars run to Coatepec, six miles away, fare one *real* a trip, well worth the ride. The view is remarkably fine, showing snow-capped mountains, low lands, and, far away in the dim distance, the sea.

Back again by the mule railway to Tejeria and thence to Vera Cruz by steam cars makes another pleasant day, to which two or three may be added in wanderings about under the palms of the Alameda, sailing to the forts and islands in the bay, listening to the music in the evening on the plaza while you dine, and one is ready to journey back over this wonderful railway to Apizaco and take the branch to *Puebla de los Angeles*.

As soon as the train leaves the station at Apizaco the beauties of the ride begin. Churches, dome-shaped granaries, fantastically shaped hay or straw mows cut as with a knife into churches and crosses, old mills and aqueducts, mountains far away and near by, with cities and villages in between till the ride seems all too short. After passing Panzacola the Pyramid of Cholula is seen on the right, with a church for its crest.

After this the City of Puebla, lying over against the mountains, comes to the view—the fort of Loreto on the left and Guadalupe on the right on the hills just outside the city.

Puebla has been a city long enough to possess all metropolitan advantages, and is not behind the average Mexican city; horse-cars lead to all parts of the city and to the surrounding villages, making it quite a railway centre. It is a city of 100,000 people, located 7,100 feet above the sea level, is an important manufacturing and mercantile point, and besides is a very beautiful place with its streets wider than the average and many of the houses decorated with glazed tiles. The twin volcanoes are nearer to Puebla than they are to the City of Mexico, and the view much finer.

It is a saying in Mexico, when speaking of a spendthrift, “He will never build a house of tiles.” If houses of tiles are an evidence of thrift, Puebla should be noted, not for spendthrifts but for its successful financiers; tiles are used everywhere.

Puebla onyx, baskets and mats of colored straw, tiles, pottery and clay figures, are among the things to buy and take home. There is much to interest, and the sojourn, rather than be missed, should extend over several days, as a hurried visit would leave undone one of the features of a tour of Mexico.

WESTWARD OVER THE NATIONAL.

A TOUR of the country west, from the line of the Mexican National Railroad over the Western division of that road, is one of the most important to the pleasure-seeking tourist. It is a good plan to leave the city by an afternoon train and spend the night at Toluca, and take a west-bound train the next forenoon. The ride up the east side of the Madre mountains, the disappearing plain and cities and the hiding from view of the volcanoes as the train enters the cañon on the crest of the mountain, and the coming to view of the valley, city and volcano of Toluca as it rolls down on the west side, makes an attractive side trip, passing under the aqueduct that carries the waters to the mills of Jajalpa and along the crest of the cliffs, hundreds of feet above the village of Ocoyocac, so high that the church towers and houses look like toys and the people pigmies.

Leaving the city from Colonia station the train passes under an old aqueduct through some fertile gardens and starts up the hill; see Chapultepec on the left and the tree of *Noche Triste* and church San Esteban on the right; on the same side is the church of Los Remedios; then on through that valley and the Hondo and over the hill to the Lerma and the valley of Toluca, showing some fine views.

The hotels of Toluca are particularly attractive, and a longer stay can be most pleasantly made; but from the arrival of the afternoon to the departure of the express the next morning, the beautiful little city may be looked over. The markets will interest; all the fruits of the tropics are shown in a tempting way under long roofs supported by heavy pillars painted in Pompeian colors. The fruits come from the hot country only a few leagues southward. The most lovely flowers are grown in the gardens round about, as are all the vegetables of our midsummer markets.

The streets are paved and remarkably clean and well drained, and the alameda is a most charming little park in the centre of the city. As I have said, the hotels are fine, good buildings, with *patios* filled with lovely flowers, plants and fountains, both having baths attached, and one with a theatre and Russian and Turkish baths under the same roof. The large brewery of Toluca makes a beer that is famous all over the country, and is equal to any offered for sale. Horse-cars run from the station to the plaza, passing a fine statue of the patriot Hidalgo.

Westward, the route lies along the Lerma and through a rich agricultural country, where there are many beautiful haciendas to be seen from either side of the cars, and the scenery in the cañon of the Zopolite is very fine, and the spot of the legendary leap of Don Juan Medina, who, pursued by the *Rurales*, preferred a leap to death rather than a more ignominious but not less certain death at the hands of his captors. Then passing the pretty little town of Maravatio the train comes to Acambaro and leaves the main line, turning directly west.

Acambaro lies on the left of the track. The low adobe houses are almost hidden by the trees, but the domes of the churches rise above them and stand out against the dark background of the mountain beyond them. As the train circles the town, the view is a very pretty one. Still passing through the fertile farming lands the journey grows more interesting with every mile, interspersing rich haciendas with scenery wild and weird, and after making a quick turn from between some hills comes suddenly in view of Lake Cuitseo. Circling round through the marsh at the head of the lake, where there are some salt works, the train comes up to and runs along the lake

shore. The view is from the right side. It is a fine body of water, but very shallow, and there are mountain islands rising up from the waters in every direction. One of these is inhabited by a tribe of Indians who have no dealings with the outside world. On a little island of a few acres they have a little world of their own, where a hardy, healthy band of contented people seem entirely oblivious to all beyond



VILLAGE OF OCOTOCAC, 1,000 FEET BELOW THE TRACK.

the shores of their lake. The men are strong, sturdy fellows, who go about the lakes in long canoes, and take, with a pole-net, the little white minnow-like fish on which they subsist; dried in the sun, they are ready to be eaten—I mean the fish. The women are fine specimens, looking as if they might be warriors if their little island was attacked, but seem happy in the little thatched huts that are their homes, yet seeming a very race of Amazons as they watched a canoe load of *Americanos* land on their shores and prepare to photograph them, a proceeding they did not quite understand and looked upon with distrust. The visit to this island was to me the most novel of all my adventures. The waters were covered with thousands of water fowl of all kinds, and there is excellent shooting. With a single rifle shot my companion killed two pelicans, three gulls and a crane that were feeding in the shallow water three hundred yards away. I was loth to leave so interesting a spot, but must go on. Near the station on the lake shore on the right see the columns of steam rising from the marshes. These are springs of hot water, hot enough to boil an egg hard in a few moments. In the thick brush near the track the Indians have made bathing pools

and come here to bathe, and the fame of the cures is great. On the bushes and sticking in the ground around the pools are hundreds of little crosses (made by two sticks tied together), left there by grateful patients who have been cured of their ills by the waters. The ground all about the springs seems to be a mere crust, sounds hollow, and sinks under the weight of a person walking near the springs. There is a strong smell of sulphur, and just whether this is only an upper crust of his Satanic majesty's domain may be surmised.

From Lake Cuitseo to Morelia the route crooks and turns through fertile lands, passing fine haciendas and pretty villages, crossing valleys where perpetual running streams keep the fields and gardens green from summer to winter and winter to summer. When the reaping of one crop is accomplished another is planted, and large yields of corn, wheat and barley are made.

From the right side of the cars a "saddle" mountain is seen all the way from Lake Cuitseo. It lies just north of the suburbs of Morelia, and is a landmark showing the location of that city.

The tops of the towers of the city of Morelia may be seen rising above the low intervening hills while the train is yet some miles away. The city is on the left of



the track, but a seat on the right is best. The track runs along the river bank for a mile or two, and there are hundreds of Indian women washing clothes. These with their children, and the men waiting to let their wives carry the laundry home, make an interesting scene.

Morelia is one of the most beautiful cities in all Mexico; one of the loveliest in

the world ; a city of antique interest, hospitable people, superb climate, music, flowers, and pretty women ; a list of attractions that calls for a stop-over ticket of the longest limit. In the city is the inevitable plaza; but here it is a thing of beauty, and to the people a joy forever. The trees almost hide a finely decorated pagoda, where three times a week in the evening, the Eighth Regiment Band (that was at the first New Orleans Exposition) discourses sweetest music, and all the people of high and low degree, come to sit among the flowers or under them, as they hang from trees or trellises, or to promenade in endless procession around the paved walks, and drink in the melodies that float upon the perfect summer air. Next to the plaza stands the grand cathedral, whose sonorous bells ring out the hours that pass too quickly, and before it is noticed, the evening is gone, the band has played the *danza*, and the parade of beauty is over ; but the recollection of the hour of dark eyes and lashes, of beauties of face and figure, comes back when Morelia's memories do.

The *Paseo de San Pedro* is a stone-paved avenue or walkway, wide and with stone balustrades and seats, leading to the alameda, where there are more flowers and great trees, some old churches and the great aqueduct of the city's water supply. On either side of the Causeway of Guadalupe are the residences, not imposing in exterior, but inclosing patios where flowers, the rarest of the tropics, blooming in all their richest colors, make them all patios of paradise let down for a time at favored Morelia. There are not one or two of these, but scores of them, and if I had wondered before why Mexicans are seen so little abroad, I ceased to wonder when I had seen Morelia.

In the residences of Mexico little pretense is made to outside display, but the interior is a palace or a paradise of flowers, fountains and singing birds. I remember one at Morelia that was a perfect bower of flowers, with walls of *alcatras*, a long, white, bell-shaped flower, with the sweetest perfume ; against these was what seemed a bank of coral in great pink bunches which mingled with some others of deep carnation, behind which the broad leaves of a banana plant—this was the filling of the patio, and there were playing fountains here and there among the flowers.

The Bishop of Michoacan lives at Morelia ; the city is also the capital of the State of that name, and has a population of 35,000 people.

The ride from the city to the western terminus of Mexican National at Patzcuaro, is picturesque to a degree. From the left windows you see the Cuincho Waterfall, where there are also some hot springs with water at a temperature sometimes reaching a hundred degrees.

The first view of Lake Patzcuaro is from the right-hand side of the cars, and after making some curves on the hillside high above the *barranca*, the train comes down to the shore of the lake, where there is a hotel near the station.

The city of Patzcuaro is two miles from the station, located high on the hills, from where is a view of exceeding beauty. Miles of the lake, dotted with its dozens of islands, and the valley with nearly fifty towns and their white-domed churches, illustrate a lovely panorama.

Patzcuaro being interpreted means "a place of delight," and was in bygone ages a resort of the kings of Tzintzuntzan, who came here on their vacations to rest from the cares of state—and it seems to me their choice was wise. The beauty of Patzcuaro is in its quaintness, its narrow, crooked streets with sharp turns and angles, with here and there a jutting shrine or saintly statue set within a crumbling wall. At the end of such a street is the hill of *Calvario*, ending so abruptly that it is known, also from the stone parapet there, as *Los Balcones*. From this point may be obtained the fine view of the city, lake and valley. The plaza is shaded by trees; the business houses with heavy columned *portales* are on the four sides. At night the

scene is peculiarly picturesque. The women venders of pottery and copper vessels, vegetables, fish, and fruits from the hot country near by, sit on the ground surrounded by their wares, placed in small piles (the tariff being so much per pile in most Mexican markets); little fires are lighted for illuminating purposes only, and the scene becomes one of exquisite novelty. The Friday fish market is a scene of great animation.

It will take a day or two to get Patzcuaro pat and then the visit will seem too short. After this there is the tour of the lake. The steamer *Mariano Jiminez* leaves the wharf near the railway station and within a few minutes walk of the hotel by the



ISLAND OF THE BURROS, LAKE CUITSEO.

lake, every morning, and it may be safely written that there can be no more novel voyage on any lake of the continent.

Lake Patzcuaro may be called the Chautauqua of Mexico, but in its altitude of over 7,000 feet spoils the Chautauquan legend as to that American lake being the highest navigable water on the globe, as it has been written. Patzcuaro is high up in the world, both as to altitude and scenic beauty. The steamer leaves the dock, sails in and out among the islands, making landings there and on the mainland, running about 35 miles before the return trip is started.

The waters are very clear and are full of fish which persistently refuse to bite at any hook, but are taken in nets at the end of long poles, not unlike a trout net, only far greater in size. Indians in long narrow canoes with these nets make a part of a pretty picture as they paddle about dipping the nets deep down in the water.

The surrounding scenery, the high mountains and rocky cliffs, remind one of the

Hudson and the Catskills, with the novelty of the queer little towns on the islands or the lake shore.

A place that has been visited by all prominent writers and artists who have come to this country is Tzintzuntzan. They came before the steamer was built, when the trip was a hard one on horseback, over the mountains, or perilous by canoe—came to see the famous picture of "The Entombment," painted by Titian and presented to this church by Philip II. of Spain ; a painting of rare art and of great value, the



STREET AT SAN JUAN DE LAS VEGAS.

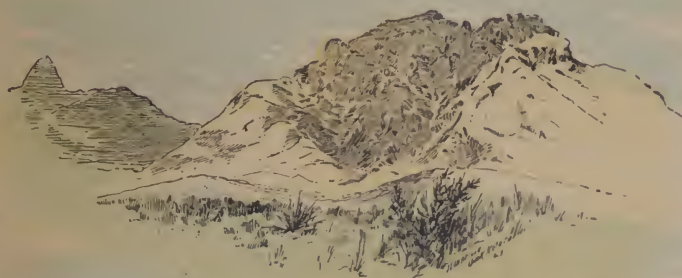
natives having refused an offer of \$60,000 for it, and absolutely refusing to allow it to be removed at any price.

With the captain's permission, one may leave the steamer on the up trip in a rowboat and go on board on the return, as the water is too shallow to effect a landing of the steamer.

Tzintzuntzan was once a city of 40,000 people and the capital of a nation, but now a mere village of less than a thousand people, whose little adobe houses can scarcely be seen across the lake. The landing of a party of tourists is a great day in town, and the entire population turn out to welcome them and follow them, after the manner of a circus. The old church was once a fine one, now an interesting crumbling relic, but apparently good for some centuries to come. The fine

old padre is an elegant specimen of manhood, over six feet high and weighing two hundred and fifty; when he emerges from the arched doorways of his church, arrayed in his long frock and broad hat of black, the picture is complete. He is not averse to a bottle of good claret or a good cigar, which, if taken along, may pave the way to opening the doors beyond which hangs the great Titian. Not to buy an entrance, I don't mean, but as an offering to the hermit priest who, from his devotion and exile, deserves some of the good things of life and would appreciate the compliment. Have you read of some mysterious picture kept forever behind bolts and bars in some baronial hall, with orders that it should never, never, never (according to the novel) see the light of day? But the hero, by fair means or foul, turns a rusty key in a rustier lock, unbinds some clinking chains, and the heavy door swings slowly and reluctantly on creaking hinges, gets there, etc., etc., as 'tis in the novel. Well, the rusty key, the bolts, bars and heavy door must work by the good old padre's aid to see the famous Titian at Tzintzuntzan. A sight of the picture is worth all the journey to see it. As I have said, artists and authors have undergone the fatigue and trouble of a horse and burro ride over the mountains, or braved the dangers of shipwreck; and one, with his wife and their host, experienced a *noche triste*, and all but suffered its reality, spent a night in a canoe that was caught in a squall and driven before wind and wave till dawn came to show them where to steer. They came safely into port, and with no regret of the voyage in search of a Titian.

After this division of the Mexican National Railway is done, the very pleasant tour may be extended to San Juan de las Vegas and San Miguel de Allende on the main line north from Acambaro, where the scenery along the line is not surpassed even by that on the other divisions. The track crosses the Lerma at Acambaro and passes the city of Salvatierra, of 12,000 people. The fine towers of the parish church may be seen from the windows on the left side of the car. The city is noted for its woollen mills and other manufacturing interests.



CANDELA PEAK AND CARIZAL MOUNTAIN.

RAILWAY TRAVEL IN MEXICO.

CIVILIZATION came to Mexico from the North. Historians aver that the temple and pyramid builders came thence. Then followed in their track the railway builder and builded the Mexican Central Railway, to connect the United States of America with *los Estados Unidos de Mejico*; and if the mooted "backbone" line to traverse the continent from Alaska to Terra del Fuego is ever built, the Mexican Central would be the middle division, and it would be the pioneer line, as it is the pioneer line of Mexico from the United States.

The main line runs from El Paso, Texas, to the City of Mexico, following the ridge of the continent at a varying altitude to render the course of travel pleasant at all seasons.

At Torreon, near the city of Lerdo, the connection of the Mexican International Railroad is made, receiving through business in through trains from New Orleans and the Southeast, notably the famous "Montezuma Special," a magnificent train of Pullman Vestibuled cars—parlor, buffet, dining and sleeping cars—all under one roof and running solid from New Orleans to the City of Mexico.

At Aguas Calientes there is a line extending to the city of San Luis Potosi and to the Gulf of Mexico at Tampico.

At Silao the branch road connects for the great mining town of Guanajuato.

At Irapuato a line extends to that grand and ancient city of Guadalajara, with an ultimate destination on the Pacific coast at San Blas, making a transcontinental line involving still shorter voyages on both oceans.

The Mexican Central crosses the Mexican National at Celaya.

At the City of Mexico, the southern terminus, the Mexican Central connects with the Mexican Railway for Puebla, Esperanza, Orizaba, Vera Cruz and Jalapa, with the Interceanic Railroad for Amecameca, Cuautla, Yantepec, Texcoco, Puebla, Jalapa and Vera Cruz, and under construction to Acapulco on the Pacific, and with the Mexican National Railroad for Toluca, Morelia, Patzcuaro and San Miguel de Allende.

Excursion tickets are on sale at all important ticket offices in the United States and Canada to the City of Mexico and principal cities of the Republic at low rates of fare for the round trip, good to return six months from date of sale.

Stop-over checks are issued by conductors at any point where it may be desired. California excursionists may stop off at El Paso and other junctional points, and on presentation of their California coupons, purchase a ticket for a tour into Mexico at greatly reduced rates, enabling them to add Mexico to the tour, and increase its attractions and pleasures.

The trains of the Mexican Central have Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars on all through express trains, and all trains run solid from El Paso to the City of Mexico, making a perfect service involving but one change of cars from the principal cities of the United States to those of Mexico.

The management of the railway exercises a supervision over all restaurants and eating-houses, and trains stop for meals at reasonable hours.

The baggage regulations are the same as in the United States; to the holders of through or excursion tickets issued in the United States, viz., one hundred and fifty pounds on each full first-class ticket, and seventy-five pounds on half tickets; the age for half tickets is between five and twelve years, under five years, free;

on local, or tickets purchased in Mexico, thirty-three pounds is the limit of baggage carried free.

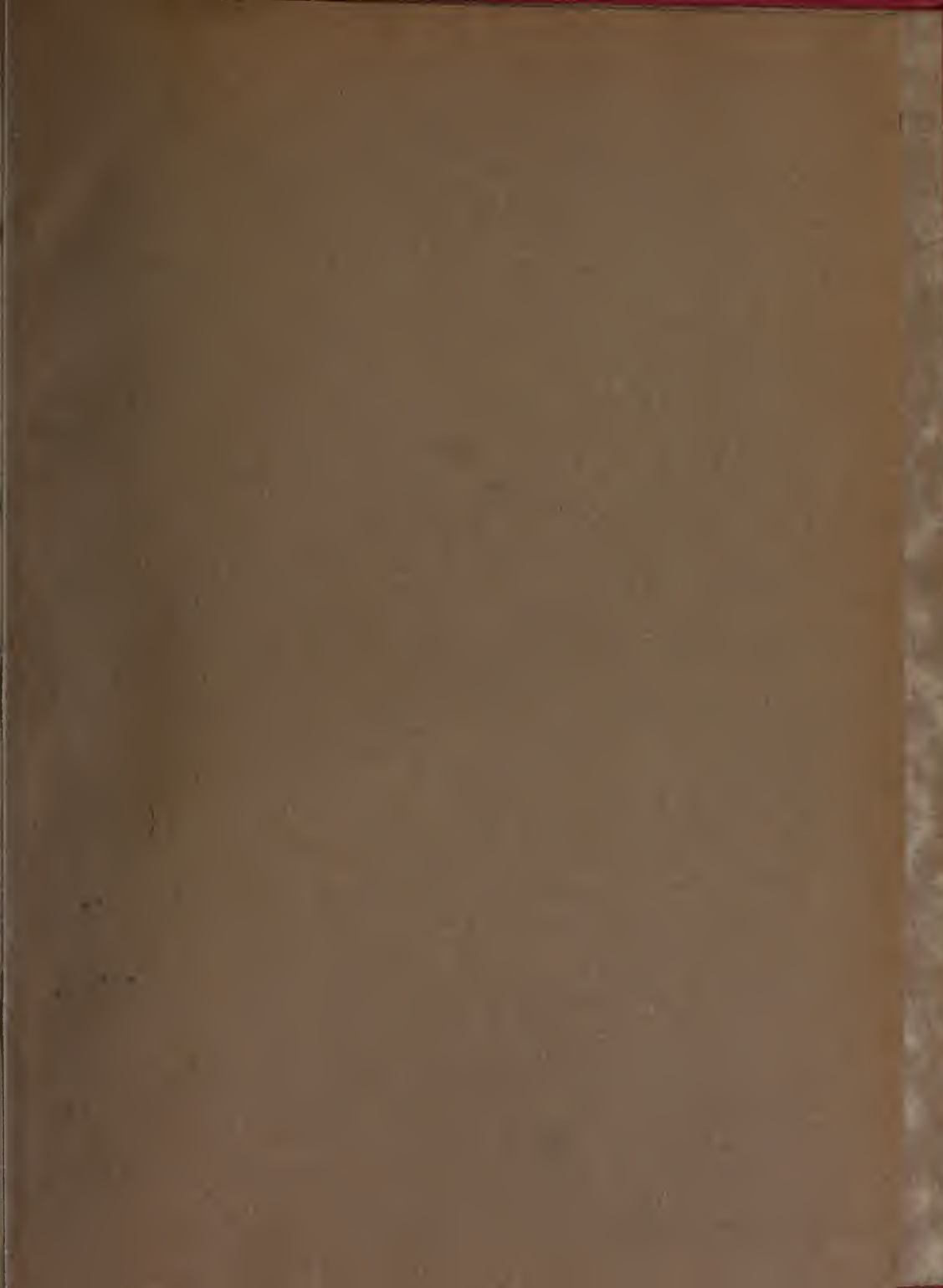
In short, all the facilities, all the comforts, all the luxuries to which the American traveler is accustomed on the home roads, are to be found on the railways of Mexico, to which, for the novelty and pleasure of the journey, add all that Mexico offers in the scenic and antiquity point of view, as hinted at in the preceding pages.

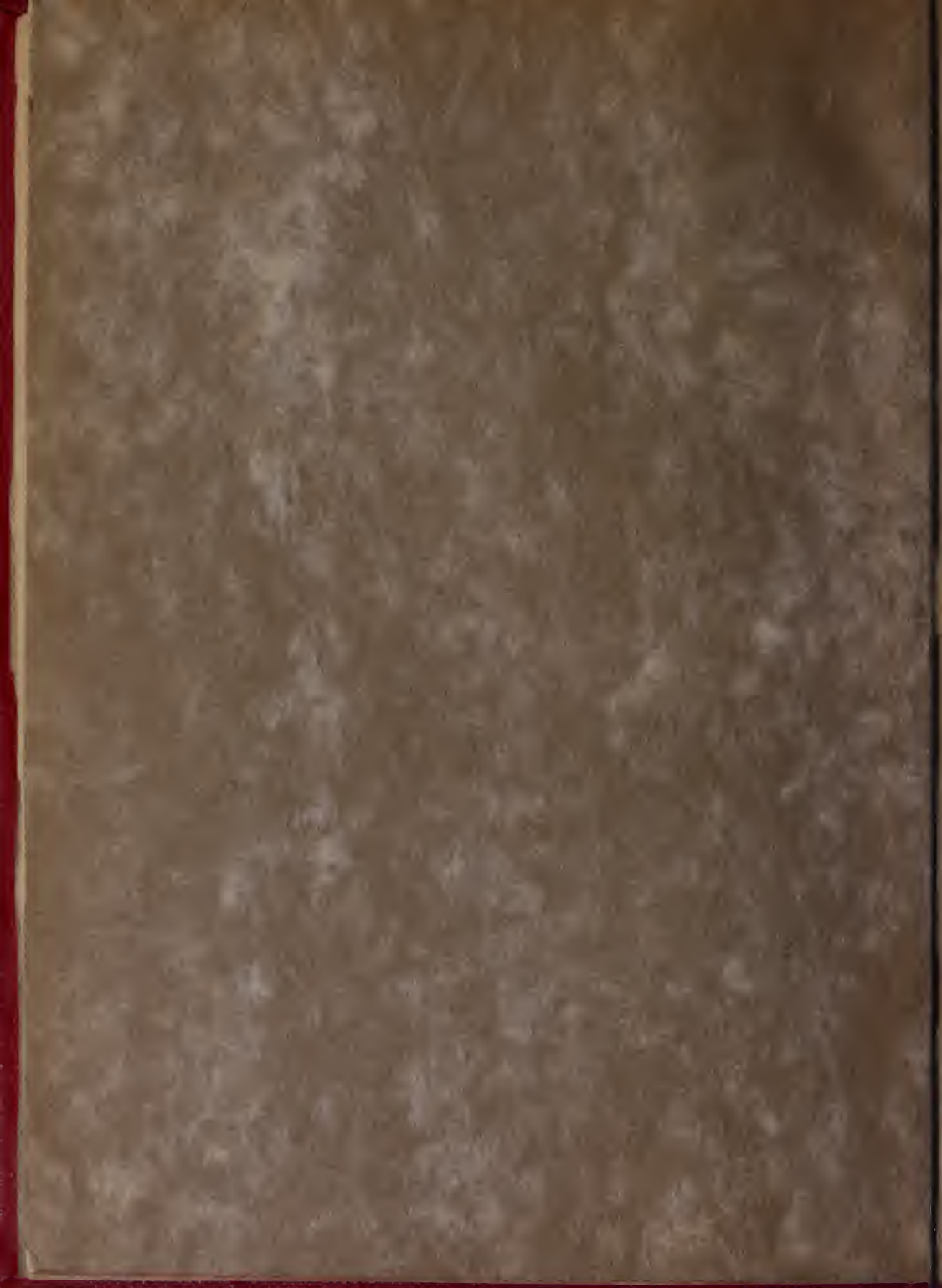


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